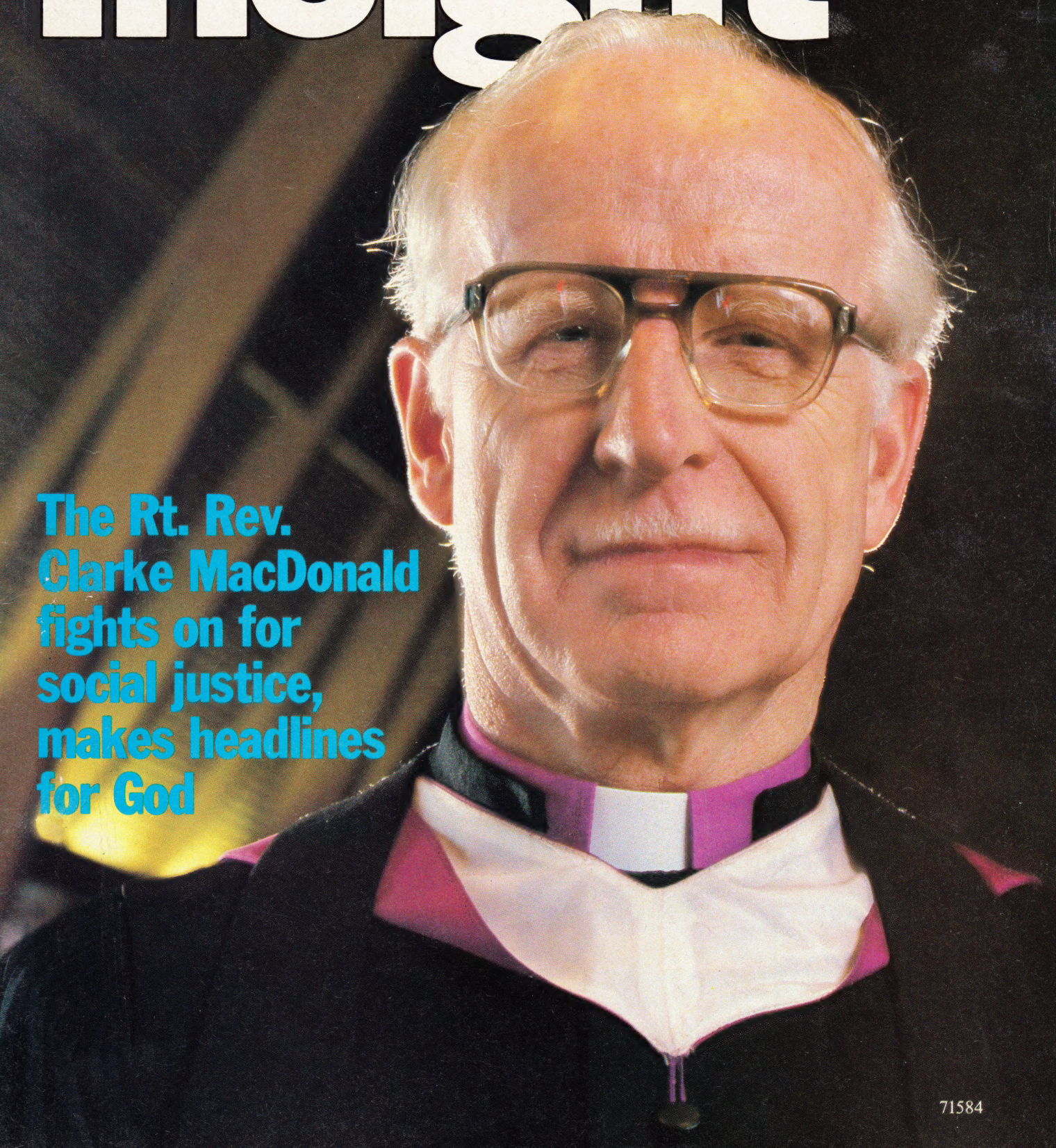


# Atlantic Insight

MAY 1984  
\$1.95

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Clarke MacDonald  
fights on for  
social justice,  
makes headlines  
for God**





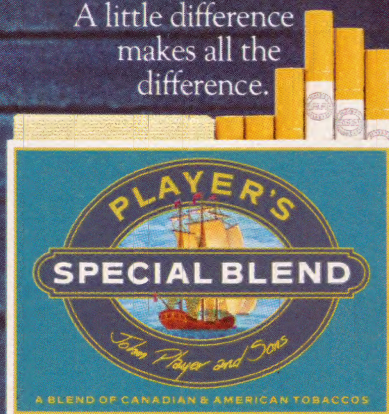


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May 1984 Vol. 6 No. 5

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## COVER STORY

Together, the Rt. Rev. W. Clarke MacDonald and the Rev. Donald C. MacDonald are spiritual leaders to more than a million Canadians. They come from the same community, Pictou County, N.S., and grew up in villages only two miles apart. But they never knew each other then and their careers could hardly have been more different. Meet the headline-grabbing United churchman and the milder-mannered Presbyterian in this profile by Harry Bruce

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COVER PHOTO BY STEVE BEHAL



## SPECIAL REPORT

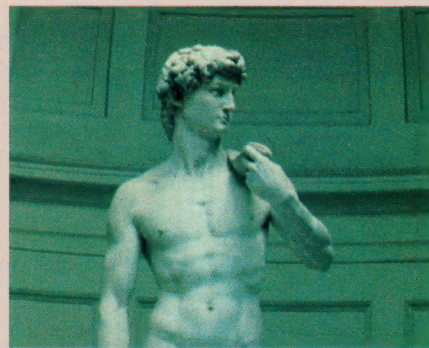
In the Fifties and Sixties, 170 men sprayed 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T along power lines in New Brunswick. Today, a third of them are dead and most of the rest are sick. The engineer in charge of the brushkilling drank the herbicide potion to prove it was safe. The survivors aren't so sure anymore.

By Chris Wood

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## TRAVEL

Florence, the glory of Tuscany, has a wealth of artistic treasures that's mind-boggling, even for a state as blessed with such works of art as Italy. The only hard part of your visit is deciding which beautiful thing to see first. It's awesome. By Robert Stewart

PAGE 42



## FOOD

Italian cooking is more than just pizza and pasta — lots more. In northern Italy (most North American-style Italian dishes come from the south) there's cannelloni and tortellini but also hearty Venetian soup, Tuscan beefsteak, cold poached veal, luscious desserts.

By Pat Lotz

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## Editor's Letter



# Meet two very different defenders of the faith

**R**t. Rev. W. Clarke MacDonald, who appears on this month's cover, and Rev. Donald C. MacDonald, who figures prominently in Harry Bruce's story (page 27) began their lives, just four years apart, in the same part of rural Pictou County in Nova Scotia. Their careers as preachers, Clarke MacDonald in the United Church, his colleague in the Presbyterian, were launched within a year of each other. They will both retire as spiritual leaders of their denominations this year.

But there, except for the depth of their individual faiths, the similarities end. In fact, it would be hard to find two men who better represent the two very different theories which often divide today's churchgoers regarding the responsibilities of their clergymen. Is the preacher's first duty to save men's souls or to fight against social evils? Can he perform one duty without the other?

Bruce's article makes it clear that there's no doubt about how each of these outstanding Nova Scotians would answer the question. Donald MacDonald is "a quieter sort, a good administrator, something of a church lawyer. . . . It's important, he believes, to work away privately 'to make Christians out of the politicians.' "

Clarke MacDonald isn't willing to wait for the accomplishment of that aim. "Calling himself an 'unashamed evangelical and an unrepentant social activist,' " Bruce writes, "he says, 'There's only one gospel, and it combines personal faith and social outrage.' Christians without passion for social issues are 'like a set of bagpipes without wind.' "

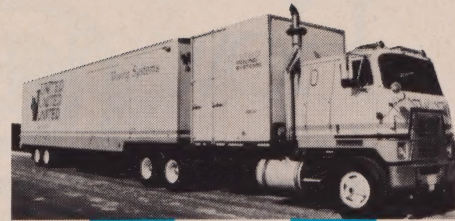
In the last century, William Booth founded the Salvation Army and based its practical Christianity on a conviction that you couldn't save men's souls without saving their bodies too. Clarke MacDonald has also taken to the streets to preach "to drunks, prostitutes and anyone else who'd listen." He still takes to the streets, marching in support of the movement for nuclear disarmament. He is a passionate opponent of racism, he hectors the big private liquor distillers.

He was one of a team who investigated stories of brutal mistreatment of inmates at Archambault prison (their cause was later taken up by Amnesty International) and he called on the federal government to set up an official inquiry. (Eventually, it did.) He's a wordsmith and, more than once, he's brought down on himself the charge that he's a headline grabber and on his own United Church of Canada the accusation that it leans too far to the left.

How far can — and should — a clergyman go in promoting social activism? Obviously, these two farmers' sons from Atlantic Canada have different views and the two streams of their thought run deep through not just their own churches but other denominations as well. One federal member of Parliament, Robert Ogle, a priest, announced earlier this year that he would not contest another election because of objections from his church. But when the bishops of the Roman Catholic church in Canada produced their controversial paper on the economy, one of their first supporters was Clarke MacDonald who, years before, had been impressed with the practical Christianity of the young Father Moses Coady, founder of the Antigonish Movement.

Perhaps the truth is that all denominations are the richer for the presence within them of these two opposing tensions. It's undoubtedly a subject the two MacDonalds have touched on before and one to which they may return in some future Pictou County twilight.

*Marilyn MacDonald*



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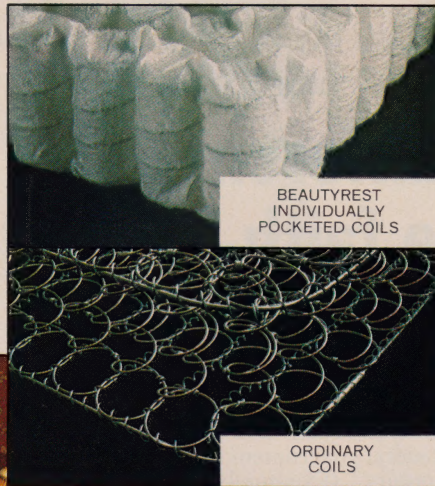
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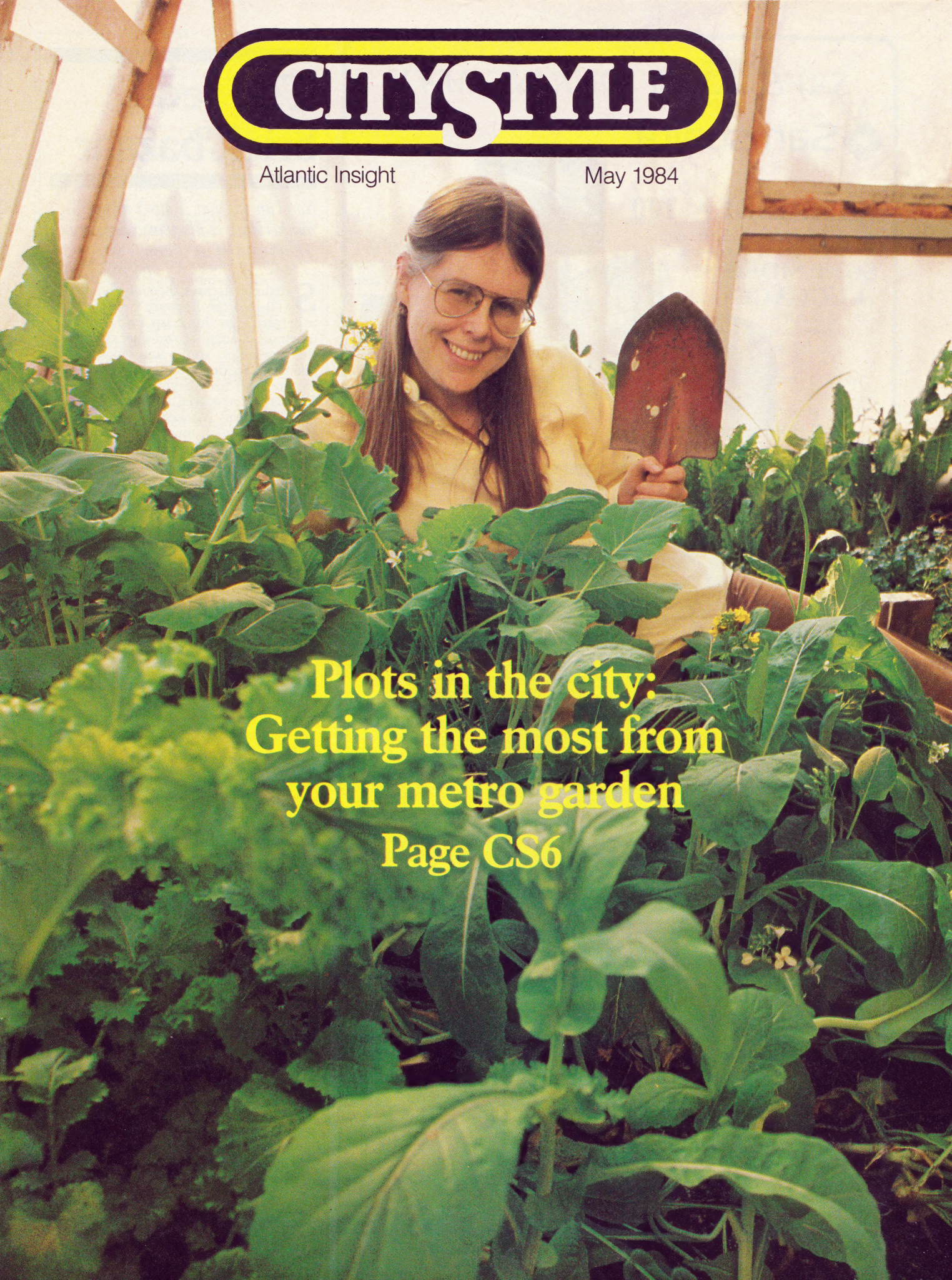
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# CITYSTYLE

Atlantic Insight

May 1984



**Plots in the city:  
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**Page CS6**



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## The red-brick bazaar

*You can tell that Metro's historic marketplace really was a brewery. That's part of its charm*

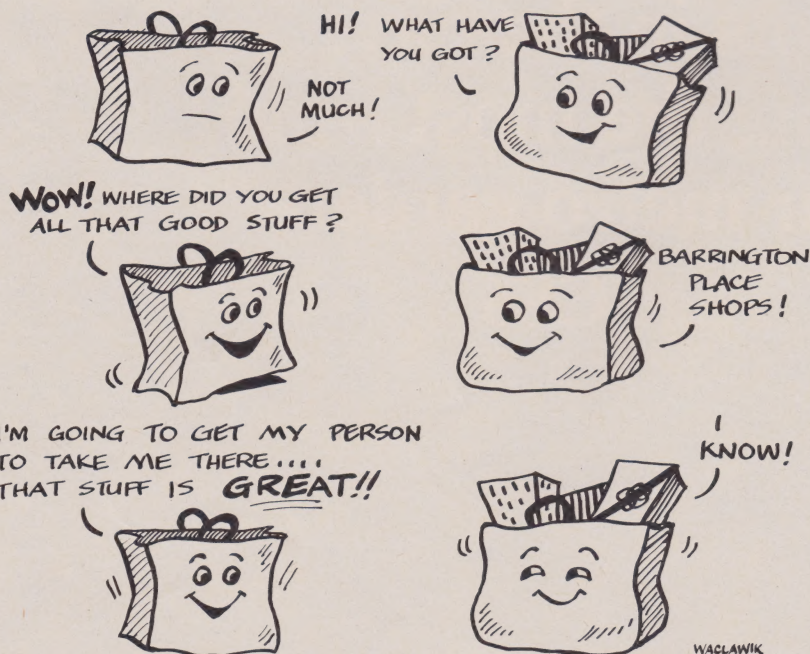
By Roma Senn

Sunshine streams through the glass wall into the Brewery's centre courtyard. On this crisp Friday morning, a small crowd checks out the vegetables, apples and baked goods. A vendor is selling fresh-frozen lamb from Styrofoam coolers. This is the new trial home for Halifax's Farmers' Market. But the Brewery is much more. By lunch time the place is hopping. People roam around, have lunch at one of the restaurants, check out the shops, stop for bread and flowers.

The Brewery, a \$12-million development on Hollis and Lower Water Streets, sounds like a trendy new place. It is and it isn't. From the early 19th century until 1971, it really was a brewery. Thirteen years ago, the City of Halifax declared it a landmark. When developers John Fiske and Hugh Smith bought these solid stone and brick buildings three years ago, they dreamed of creating a marketplace, like Vancouver's Granville Island or Boston's Quincy Market, where consumers could buy fruit and vegetables, browse in the shops, drop in for a bite at one of the restaurants. "We want them to come here and spend time," Hugh Smith says. "It's not a 10-minute stop like going to a mall."

The Brewery isn't like a mall. You won't find fluorescent lights, shiny floors or escalators here. You won't see the usual dreary chain stores or franchised restaurants. Instead, you find one-of-a-kind, owner-run businesses: Restaurants, cafés, bars, a flower shop, a produce store, a bakery, a handcraft outlet. Some visitors say the Brewery seems cold, that there's too much concrete. But the developers tried to retain the original look. "We didn't want to disguise the fact this is a brewery," Smith says. For 150 years, Alexander Keith, and then the Oland family, brewed beer here. But to make it what it is today, an attractive shopping and office complex that melds historic and contemporary design, the developers had to make changes — lots of them.

When Smith and Fiske bought



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the Brewery, it resembled a maze. It took weeks before construction workers even knew their way around. Because many of the rooms weren't connected, workers often couldn't walk from one room to another without first going outside. One night during the construction, police discovered a break-in and went in to pursue the thieves. At 2 a.m., they called architect Peter Klynstra. They were lost.

For the architects, John Preston and Associates, calculating the inside floor space was like piecing together a puzzle, except that the pieces didn't fit. "Nothing was as it seemed," Klynstra says. The architects found false walls, rooms and spaces completely sealed off. Nothing was square; nothing parallel. "We didn't have a complete image [of the Brewery] until

fairly long into the project," Klynstra says.

For 150 years, construction had hardly stopped. The Keiths and the Olands constantly expanded. When current-day architects started work on the project, they examined the building permits available only from 1955, when the City of Halifax began keeping them. The Brewery file jammed two card trays. Obviously, the developers had to make the Brewery more accessible—especially for people in wheelchairs. With 77 rooms on 56 levels (everyone seems to have a different set of figures; these are Klynstra's), they had their work cut out. Today, there are seven levels. Airy courtyards link the red-brick buildings. Recently, workers removed a small structure from courtyard one to make it possible to go from there to

courtyard two.

Smith credits his partner John Fiske, who developed Historic Properties, for visualizing the Brewery as it is today. "John Fiske can look at a building, look through walls and see what can happen," he says. During the renovations, the developers probably wondered at times if it could happen.

As interest rates soared to 22%, the recession deepened. "There we were building," Smith says. Just as the economy began to improve, Nova Scotia electricians went on strike, delaying the project three months.

These problems seem distant now as Hugh Smith conducts a quick tour of the Brewery. He's probably done this tour 100 times, but he's still as enthusiastic as a



After years of searching for a permanent home, the Halifax Farmer's Market is trying out the Brewery's inner courtyard

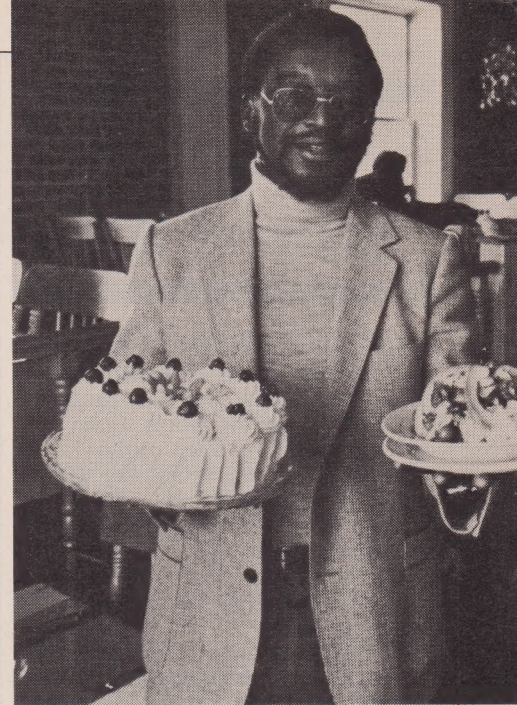


boy scout on a camping trip. "We opened up windows here," he says, pointing out previously bricked-in casings. "We punched a wall from courtyard one to courtyard three." Both Fiske and Smith worked closely with the architects and tried to change as little as possible. Where they did make changes, they made it obvious. "We wanted people to recognize where we cut holes in walls," Smith says. They wanted people to know "there's a wall that Fiske and Smith did."

At Sanford's, a swishy restaurant, original walnut panelling covers the walls. (Wreckers demolished the old Sanford's, an informal spot

farther north on Hollis Street that served vegetarian fare.) In the 1960s, the room served as an auditorium; now a bar stands where the stage used to be. Downstairs, Sidney's Cellars, the lounge run by Sanford's, remains much the same as when it served as the reception area for Oland's Brewery. But why does a stone tunnel run smack down the middle? The tunnel runs from Keith Hall, the elegant stone house that Alexander Keith built next door in about 1823, to the courtyard. Brewery workers used to roll beer kegs through the tunnel.

The Brewery has character. You can see it in the Brew House,



John and Barbara Manning with some sinfully rich desserts

the Malt Plant with its original copper edging on the roof, the Bottling Plant, where, even earlier, stables used to be. The buildings, all constructed at different times, look different. No one tried to make them conform. "We didn't want to make a Disneyland project," says Klynstra.

You won't meet Donald Duck or Mickey Mouse at the Brewery, but some Sunday, you might see clowns, jugglers and mime artists. They've performed at the Brewery Market, an antique and flea market held Sunday afternoons. Co-ordinator Helen Fleet prefers the name swap meet to flea market, but you still get the same stuff: Ceramic Smurfs, glass rings, paperbacks. There are, however, some fine items, such as a roll-top desk, a mahogany plant stand, paintings. For several years, antique dealers have tried unsuccessfully to set up a market. Fleet hopes the Brewery Market catches on. "My dream is a permanent collectors' market," she says.

Some farmers' market vendors, such as Stephen Evans, hope the twice-weekly market grows into a daily event. In fact, Evans, a trained butcher, would like "a full-fledged store" in what he considers a "perfect spot" downtown. The current setup is far from perfect. He sells lamb from Styrofoam coolers, which is like using a dating service: You don't know what you're getting. Still, he says business isn't bad. "We'll all grow with it," he says about the market.

At first, most vendors didn't want to be there. They complained about the lack of parking and the difficulty in unloading their goods. Late last

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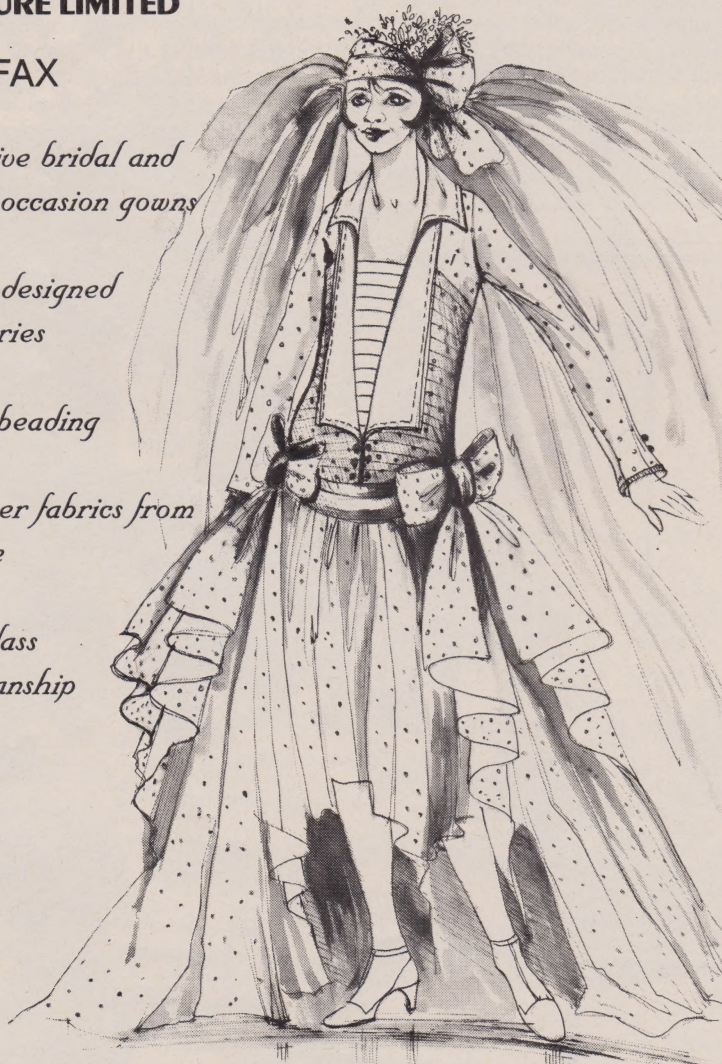
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year, they voted against moving to the Brewery, but eventually agreed to try the location for a year. "I know some fellows who said, 'There's no way I'd move in there,'" says Reg Mannette, chairman of the market committee. "Now I can't see them moving out in a year." After years of searching for a permanent home, the farmers may have found one.

For the first time in eight years, they held a winter market, and this summer, more farmers are expected to sell at the Brewery. Some will set up tables outside. In season, groups representing producers such as the blueberry growers also may set up stalls and show consumers how to use their product in cooking. "There's a big need for a market," Hugh Smith says. "We thought the ambience of these buildings might be the right location." There are plans for a butcher and fish shop.

Not all the Brewery merchants welcomed the farmers' market; they worried about competition. The farmers, who have lower overhead costs than the merchants, sometimes sell the same items. At least one commercial baker sells bread at the market. "At first I was upset," says Mary Mohammed, of Mary's Bread Basket. "Not anymore." Mohammed, a friendly woman in a frilly mob cap, says the variety of baked goods gives consumers a choice. She sells whole-some breads—whole wheat with alfalfa sprouts, five-grain honey bread, Black Russian Rye. And she doesn't cater only to people: She also makes whole grain dog biscuits.

She's happy with the Brewery location. "I didn't want to be at a mall," she says. "They're too impersonal. I felt this was the place." So did Barbara and John Manning. They run

Desserts Plus, a bakery and café that serves full-course meals and sinfully rich desserts—Chocolate Crème Charlotte, Raspberry Almond Log, Mocha Mousse Supreme. Barbara does much of the baking and cooking herself.

The Brewery is loaded with good food, from humongous smoked meat sandwiches and rib-sticking soups at the City Deli to chicken curry and puris at the casual Roti. Mary Mohammed says the brewery "will become a fine food mecca." It may be on its way.

A brewery wouldn't be much of a brewery, of course, if you couldn't get a pint of ale. At Alexander's, a lively

pub named after the original Mr. Keith, college kids and office workers rub shoulders on two levels, and in sight of two big vats that were used to brew beer. Downstairs, in the wine bar, you can order 20 kinds of wine. If you'd rather sip *espresso*, try the Café Prague, where you can also catch up on out-of-town newspapers hanging on the wall. Owner Andrew Sperlich ran a similar business in Montreal, and he hopes it will catch on here as a place to go for good conversation.

The Brewery is already catching on as a good place to visit. "It has turned out as beautiful as we hoped," says a not-so-objective Hugh Smith. "It will be a place people want to come to." **C**



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## How to grow your own groceries

*Even apartment-dwellers can provide veggies, says Carol Bowlby. Here are her secrets for urban gardening*

By Polly Bennell

Anyone, anywhere can have a garden," Carol Bowlby says. "It doesn't matter whether you live in the city or in an apartment." Bowlby can back that up. Her small backyard on Williams Street in Halifax is a fantastic veggie production plant. A walk through the small passageway between her house and the neighboring one during prime growing season is like exiting a subway tunnel into a jungle. Bright colors and shapes abound, all growing, and mostly edible.

"I had virtually no soil to speak of when I started," she says, "but now, from

a space that's about the size of a large living room, I provide almost all of the fresh vegetables my family of five uses for about seven months of the year." Although her various small plots total only about 260 square feet (roughly equivalent to a 17 x 17 garden), she produces enough food for her family, enough to give away to friends, enough to freeze plenty for winter use, and enough to sell the surplus at the Halifax farmers' market. One suspects the lady knows a few things about growing.

Bowlby, who grows more than 30 varieties of fruits and vegetables in her very small yard, has taught gardening at the YMCA and Ecology Action Centre, lectured on organic gardening at the Nova Scotia Museum, written extensively on organic gardening methods, and is the subject of the recent National Film Board production *My Urban Garden*. While she's



Bowlby grows more than 30 varieties of fruit and vegetables in her 260-square-foot garden

DON ROBINSON

CITYSTYLE



an acknowledged expert, she says that what she does is within any city dweller's grasp, given determination, elbow grease and proper growing techniques. Her secrets: Organic soil preparation, starting early, growing crops suitable for the climate, and creative use of limited space.

"Soil is really the foundation of it all," she says. "Without considering that first, city or country, you can't garden. But because there isn't good soil in the city to start with doesn't mean you give up the operation."

When she moved into her present home eight years ago, she found her backyard "mostly rock and hardpan." But Bowlby, who grew up on a farm in Ontario, was undaunted. "There isn't anywhere in this city, and I think most others, where you can't get literally tons of leaves, which are excellent for improving the soil." She scavenged bags of leaves, grass clippings, sawdust and seaweed—all free, and all considered "garbage"—to build up her soil. By composting these waste organic materials with manure, she says, anyone can turn even the worst urban soil into land that is rich and productive.

Bowlby gardens in small raised beds rather than rows, explaining that "a raised bed has several advantages for gardeners. The main thing is that the soil warms up earlier and stays warmer. It's also easier to work at in a small space, easier to contain the soil, and keeps it loose because you're not walking on it."

She beats the cool Nova Scotia climate by starting as many things indoors as she can and transplanting them outside when the soil and weather are warm enough. She also uses tricks such as covering up young plants with old storm windows and making miniature greenhouses out of old vinegar jugs to provide even, warm growing temperatures.

She plants cool weather crops as early as the ground can be worked — often as early as March. "That way, those early crops are finished when it's warm enough for other things to go into the soil, making good use of limited space as well as getting an early harvest."

Another space-saver she employs is to grow vegetables vertically. "Tomatoes, squash, beans and peas can all be trained to grow upward rather than outward, making very good use of limited space." She emphasizes, however, that success with this sort of thing depends largely on highly enriched organic soil. She's also a proponent of container gardening, "an excellent way for city people to make use of little or no gardening space." She grows "salad by the pail," which she sells at the farmer's market, and finds that the miniature gardens "are a very popular item with apartment people, because they can have a fresh-picked salad from a tiny little bucket."

She replants constantly throughout the growing season. "By never leaving a bare patch, the garden keeps producing well

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Angus plans to grow tomatoes and potatoes on his balcony this year

DAVID NICHOLS

into the fall." As far as garden pests go, she observes, "every garden has bugs, mine included. But because the soil is very healthy, the plants are then very healthy, so the insects don't cause enough damage to seriously interfere with my harvest."

Any form of gardening requires hard work. But Bowlby says a strong motivating factor for a Halifax gardener is the high cost of store-bought produce. "Think of the cost of a satisfying vegetarian meal for five people. Then project that savings through every single day for seven months of the year. At a low-end approximation of about \$4 per meal, that's savings of over \$800. And there's a quality and freshness upon which a dollar value just can't be placed."

Aside from the financial benefits, she says, one of the most satisfying parts of gardening "is to have at table a meal that comes from your own soil... your own hands. It's satisfying because you know where the food has come from and the stages it's gone through." And, she adds quietly, "I think it's very important for city people to be able to watch and nurture a growing thing."

Other metro gardeners share her enthusiasm. North-end Halifax residents Alan Gray and Susan Marmaroff shared a load of trucked-in topsoil with neighbors Lesley Griffiths and Richard Wilcox to get their gardens under way, but now maintain soil quality by using manure provided by a local man who raises fancy pigeons and by composting kitchen wastes and leaves. Marmaroff laughingly admits that she is not beyond snagging an occasional carton of vegetable trimmings from the supermarket to haul home for the compost bin. Friends and neighbors like to get into the soil-building act, too. "We have a friend who brings his kitchen wastes in from Cowie Hill once a week to dump into our compost," Marmaroff says. "He takes it to his country garden during the summer, and just can't stand to see it go to waste during the winter months." Griffiths adds, "Sometimes I think there's more allure in building up the soil than in growing the plants."

Both families say that the most common comments they receive are ones of astonishment over how much can be grown in a small space. "I don't know whether we're shining examples," Griffiths comments, "but in the summertime we don't have to buy any produce." Besides a standard mix of garden vegetables, the adjoining backyards of the two families produce an astounding array of herbs, including sage, thyme, oregano, basil, lemon balm, chives, Egyptian onions, chevril, parsley, tarragon, dill, sorrell, borage, lovage, wormwood, angelica, rosemary, lavender, coriander and five kinds of mint.

The neighbors have a casual sharing arrangement on items such as tools and extra seedlings, but a formal one regarding grapes. "We grow the grapes," say Griffiths and Wilcox,

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"and Sue makes the jam, which we all share."

The Halifax Community Gardens Association provides a solution for city dwellers who have no gardening space at all. "The club was started in 1981 with the idea of getting allotments from the city," explains association treasurer Jim Sharpe. "But we ran into objections from residents near the site we had requested because they wanted to keep open city parklands as a free space to run their dogs." The group

While TUNS has guaranteed the group its community plot for the coming growing season, the university may soon have to reclaim the land for new construction, so the association continues to seek allotment space from the city. The most recent road-block in its quest was the expressed fear that a community garden would attract vandals. Sharpe says there's been little theft at the present location. Club member Randy Angus adds, "Our bigger problem for a while was soccer balls crashing down on the garden from the adjacent playing field."

Angus, a marine biologist who participates in the community garden at TUNS, last year decided to allot himself a two-by-four-foot gardening space on his Clayton

Park apartment balcony. "I only gave myself two by four feet because I like to barbecue, too," he says. "I boxed off the space and filled it with soil, then planted carrots. They grew straight down two inches, hit the concrete, turned 90 degrees and kept going — making a new turn every two inches." This year, he plans to try tomatoes and potatoes in buckets on the balcony, and to grow lettuce in his office at work for lunchtime salads.

Whether it's in a backyard plot, a bucket on a balcony or a piece of common ground provided by a beneficent institution, these metro residents are proving that you can grow groceries in the city. Carol Bowlby's parting words of advice: "Start small, improve the soil, and move on from there." **C**

**T**hink of the cost of a satisfying vegetarian meal for five people. Then project that savings through every single day for seven months of the year. At a low-end approximation of about \$4 per meal, that's savings of over \$800

couldn't get gardening space from the city, but did get a small plot of otherwise unused lawn from the Technical University of Nova Scotia (TUNS).

Sandwiched between the TUNS gymnasium, a parking lot, a garage and a playing field, the community garden allots participating gardeners a space roughly 10 by 10 or the equivalent of 100 square feet. "I would say that if it were well managed, a plot that size could support the produce needs of two people for six months — from June to November in Halifax," says Sharpe, who's assistant director of continuing education at Saint Mary's University. "Besides providing landless gardeners fresher and more nutritious produce, community gardens turn unused space into green areas, and provide a mode of recreation and social interaction for city people."

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# The greenhorn's tip sheet

**M**y first garden down on the South Shore was a real success — except for the broccoli. Because it was a favorite vegetable, three long rows had been planted, and came up shiny, green and healthy. While the broccoli smelled better and better as the summer wore on, the edible “heads” were taking their time making an appearance. When I confessed my perplexity to a visiting, experienced gardener, he pinched off one of the fragrant leaves, smelled it, and informed me that my broccoli crop was the herb basil.

Then there was the time we decided to fertilize in the fall by digging outdated “bait” from the local fish plant into the soil, sure that the following summer’s garden would be fabulous. After all, hadn’t earlier North American gardeners planted a fish at the base of each drill of corn? But the bait was planted too shallow; the ground froze and hove it upward; midwinter thaw came; and the gulls and ravens found the garden plot a delightful, if stinky, restaurant. Had a great crop of mackerel carcasses that year.

But now I’m convinced that even I could produce a glorious garden. Here are Carol Bowlby’s tips for first-time city gardeners:

## Prepare or create soil organically

The first year, do a soil test (free from provincial departments of agriculture) to determine pH. Then, remove and set aside the top six to eight inches of soil. Loosen, but don’t turn, the remaining soil as far as possible, and remove visible debris such as roots and rocks. Chop the sods removed from the top of the garden site and place them on top of the loosened subsoil. Then add a eight to 12-inch “sandwich” of alternating layers of aged manure and organic material such as leaves, seaweed, grass clippings and kitchen vegetable wastes. Return the top soil and rake in five pounds of bone meal and three pounds of wood ash per 100 square feet.

## Select crops suitable for your space and climate

To get the most produce from the least space, use crops that produce continuously and take little space to grow, such as broccoli, brussels sprouts, cucumber, herbs, lettuce, parsley, parsnips, pole beans and snow peas. Be sure to select tomato varieties suited to the climate, and train them to grow upward. Place tallest to shortest crops from north to south; don’t try to grow vegetables ill-suited to the space, climate or season.

## Start early, finish late

Plant some things as soon as the ground can be worked. Cress, green onions from sets, kale, lettuce, peas, radishes, spinach, chard and turnip greens can withstand some frost. Cover your planting with clear plastic to help warm the soil, then remove plastic once seedlings appear. Replant cool weather crops again in mid-to-late summer to keep the garden producing until the final fall freeze-up. Use transplants when possible. Start seedlings indoors about six weeks before it will be warm enough for the crop to survive outdoors. This gives you a headstart on the growing season. For crops that don’t transplant well, pre-sprout the seeds indoors before planting.

## Make the very best use of your space

Plant in blocks rather than rows for many more times the vegetable production and less weeding, watering, digging and feeding. Interplant crops with different maturity times. For example: Tomatoes (slow growing) with lettuce (fast growing), or broccoli (slow) with green onions (fast). Grow in succession. As soon as one crop is harvested, put more seeds or plants into the same space. For example, once early peas are finished, plant summer lettuce seedlings in that same spot; and once the lettuce has come and gone, use the space to grow radishes for a fall crop. Grow vertically. Pole beans, peas, cucumbers, melons, pumpkins, squash, tomatoes and zucchini can all be trained upward on net, fences or poles to take up very little space. Plant in containers. Make drainage holes, then fill the container with a mixture of manure and good soil lightened with vermiculite or rotted sawdust. Plant, water and mulch well and put in any sunny spot. In a two to three-gallon container try beans, green onions, herbs, lettuce, peppers or radish. For five-gallon containers try tomatoes or zucchini.

## Recommended reading

*How to Grow More Vegetables*, by John Jeavons

*The Self-Sufficient Gardener*, by John Seymour

*Square Foot Gardening* by Mel Bartholemew

*Harrowsmith Magazine*

*Organic Gardening Magazine*

## Seed catalogues

Halifax Seed Co. Ltd., 5880 Kane St.,

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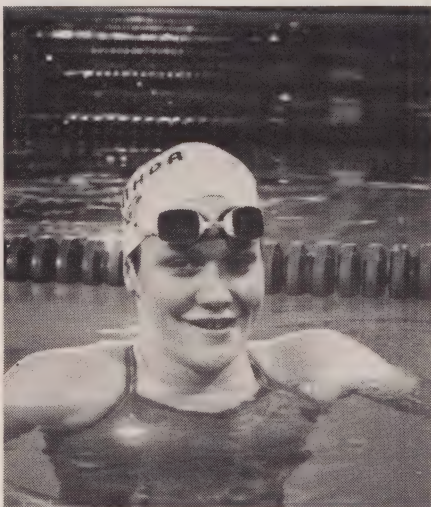


# These kids are really in the swim

*Why not? As members of the Dartmouth Crusaders, they're part of the top swim club in Atlantic Canada*

At 4:15 p.m. the pool at the Dartmouth Sportsplex is afloat with bobbing heads in colorful bathing caps. A youngster bellyflops into the pool. Ouch! On land, kids limber up before jumping in. An instructor demonstrates how to do the butterfly stroke to a group of swimmers. In the eight-lane pool kids expertly slice the water, doing the difficult stroke.

These kids swim with the Dartmouth Crusaders Swim Club, a club for swimmers (from about seven to 20) who can just make it across the 25-metre pool to swimming sensations such as 16-year-old Marie Moore of Dartmouth. She's a high



Moore: Some say she's just warming up

school student with a good chance of making the Canadian team which will compete in the Los Angeles Olympics in July. The Crusaders are getting a good name: It's the top-ranked swim club in Atlantic Canada; last year it ranked seventh at the national championships and placed in the top 10 at the junior national championships. It's one of the largest swimming clubs in Canada and its head coach, David Fry, wants it to be one of the best. "I'd like to see the Crusaders develop a tradition of excellence provincially, nationally and internationally," Fry says.

The club's already on its way thanks in part to Fry's strong coaching. (He coaches the top swimmers in the 191-member club while Kevin Ross coaches the age-group

athletes.) Fry's a lean, likable elementary school teacher who obviously loves swimming. He's coached the Crusaders from a small recreational swim club to a nationally ranked contender. He describes his style of teaching as "somewhere from very autocratic to democratic."

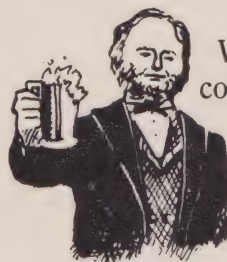
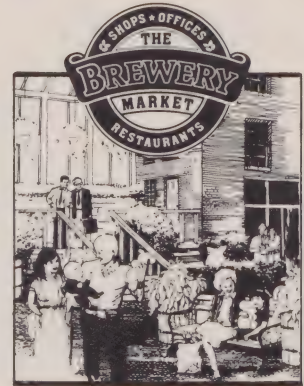
For years Fry has coached Andrew Cole, 21, of Dartmouth. Cole, who set a Canada Games record in 1981 and won a gold medal, says Fry's one of the best. "He understands people and knows how to motivate them," Cole says. At the start of the season Fry sets out goals for his swimmers — and the whole club — which at first seem impossible. "But he knows what you are capable of doing," Cole says. Cole is currently gearing up for the Olym-

pic trials in June in Toronto. For the second straight year the Atlantic Universities Athletic Association has named Cole, a student at Dalhousie University, swimmer of the year.

As Fry talks about swimming at the Crusaders' new home, the spanking new Dartmouth Sportsplex, his eyes dart over to the pool where the club's top competitive swimmers are practising. "I want to deal with this," he says running down the bleachers to talk to a swimmer with a chronic shoulder problem.

Marie Moore isn't in the pool today. Fry has given her a few days off because she's just returned home from an international swimming competition in Paris. There she won a gold medal in the

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Cole: "It doesn't bother me if I don't beat them"

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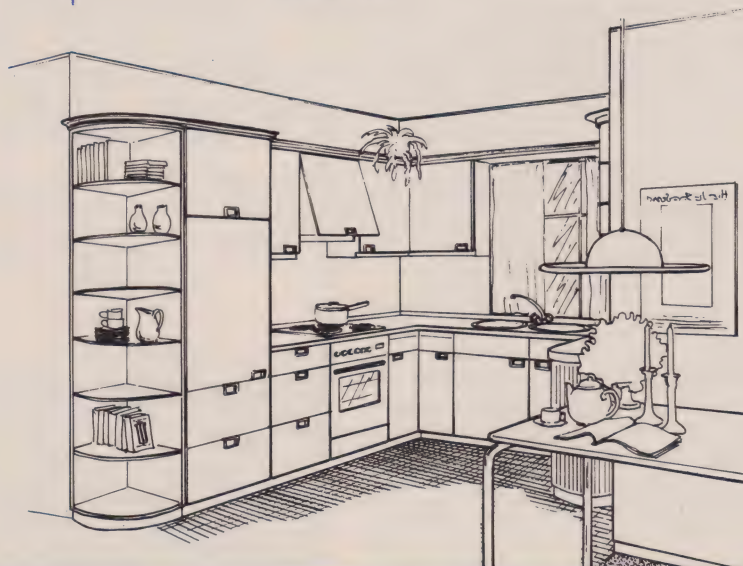
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200-metre butterfly. Moore, a Grade 11 student at Prince Andrew High, also won a bronze medal at the Pan-American Games in Caracas, Venezuela, last summer; a gold medal in the butterfly at the Hapoel in Tel Aviv, Israel; a third-place win in a tri-meet with the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. in Leeds, England. She holds a Canadian record in the 100-metre butterfly. Right now Moore can't look beyond the 1984 Olympics but says she has at least another five years of competitive swimming ahead of her. Some people say she's just warming up. "I think her best is yet to come," says Crusaders' president Alan Bruce.

Moore, a sturdy ("Don't ask me how much I weigh") five-foot-11 is a natural talent but she works hard too. It's still pitch black when she crawls out of bed at 5:15 a.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. By 5:30 she's on her way to swim practice. There she joins 21 other competitive swimmers for on-land stretching exercise before plunging into the pool for a 1½ hour practice. After high school classes finish at 3 p.m. Moore buses back to the Sportsplex for an hour of calisthenics and weight training and another 1½ hours in the pool. She swims six days a week. Before winter sets in, top swimmers like Moore strengthen their upper bodies by lying on their stomachs on four-wheel carts and negotiating them up a steep hill,

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using only their arms. They get funny looks from passing motorists.

Sound rough? But coach Fry is careful to let the kids grow with the sport. "We try to set reasonable goals," he says. For instance, the club doesn't generally let kids under 12 train before school. "They're too young," he says. "With this kind of sport there's a high risk of burn-out." Fry isn't just concerned with winning: "The first and primary goal is that kids enjoy the program."

They certainly seem to enjoy the sunny pool near the Macdonald Bridge. Swimming seems like good clean fun, es-



pecially compared with the rough-and-tumble sports such as hockey and football. Parents like that, Alan Bruce says, and enrol their young kids. When young hopefuls see what swimmers such as Halifax's Nancy Garapick (formerly of the rival Halifax Trojans) can do they're buoyed up. "Swimming is one of the few sports that Canada is competitive in worldwide," Bruce says.

That's probably because swimming is a well-organized sport in Canada. Many organizations offer learn-to-swim programs and some kids eventually join competitive swim clubs. Ideally, Fry would like the Crusaders to offer classes from the learn-to-swim level as do some of the most successful aquatic clubs. "We would be able to introduce to them at a very young age," Fry says, "to some of the practices of competitive swimming." Right now there may be potential Nancy Garapicks out there his club just isn't meeting.

When the Crusaders moved to the centrally located Sportsplex (the club used to be located at CFB Shearwater,

outside Dartmouth) membership jumped. Even though it costs the club more in pool rentals (nearly \$27,000 in 1983) most agree it's worth it. "We now have access to an eight-lane, 25-metre pool, plus a warming pool in the most pleasant surroundings imaginable," says past president Louis Deveau. Each year the club, with an annual budget of about \$88,000, runs a successful citrus fruit sale and swim-a-thon to raise money.

As the kids sail up and down the pool it's unlikely they think about fundraising. Most are working to better their times. "Swimming," Alan Bruce says, "is a tremendous confidence builder." One day a swimmer might do the course

in two minutes; the next day in one minute 59 seconds. "He's achieved something all on his own," Bruce says. Andrew Cole, who's swum since the age of six, agrees that an improvement makes it all worthwhile. So do the close swimming friends most competitors seem to make. Still, at times Cole, who's soft spoken and reflective, used to wonder if he missed out on other things because he swam so much. Now he knows he hasn't. With a few more years of competitive swimming ahead he's sticking with it, not so much for the win as for the race. "It doesn't bother me if I don't beat them," he says, "as long as we've pushed each other."

— Roma Senn

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# GADABOUT

## ART GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

**Art Gallery of Nova Scotia.** May 25-July 30: *John O'Brien (1832-1891): Marine painter.* A major exhibit by one of the most promising artists of pre-confederation Canada. He illustrated ship portraits for Nova Scotia owners, naval arrangements and voyage narratives that portray our sailing age. 6152 Coburg Road, 424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m. - 5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 - 9 p.m.; Sun., 12 - 5:30 p.m.

**Dartmouth Heritage Museum.** May 14 - June 3: *Patrick Wall: Photography.* 100 Wyse Road. For information call 421-2300.

**Eye Level Gallery.** May 1-19: A sculptural installation by Montreal artist Eva Brandl. She presents a large-scale installation composed of four objects and one large image projected on a screen; Stephen Horne, an installation; Richard Robertson, sound installation. An audio-visual project that probes the question of existence and nonexistence, creation and dissolution, individual and collective consciousness, the absolute and relative qualities of time and space. 1585 Barrington Street, Suite 306. For information call 425-6412.

**Saint Mary's University Art Gallery.** May 1 - June 10: *Recent Works by Anna Syparek*, of Antigonish, N.S. A realist watercolorist, Syparek recently won a Greenshields Award to further her studies in art. On May 18, 19 she conducts a watercolor workshop. SMU campus, 429-9780. Hours: Tues., Wed., Thurs., 1-7 p.m.; Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 2-4 p.m.

**Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery.** May 11 - June 10: *Breaking with Tradition.* A major juried exhibit of 43 original contemporary quilts from throughout North America. The artists extend traditional quilt-making techniques using a variety of methods. In connection with the exhibit, the national quilting association meets in Halifax, May 24 to 26. For more information contact Betty MacDonald, 477-1930. May 11 - June 10: *Night Painting.* Twenty-five mixed-media works by Ilsa Berzins, of Halifax. The artist says these "meditative landscapes" deal with growth and transformation. Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Tues. till 9 p.m. Sat. & Sun. 12 - 5 p.m.

## IN CONCERT

**Dalhousie Arts Centre.** May 2: *Theatre Beyond Words* combines music, sound and vocals to explore the universal language of laughter. The troupe laughs even at the misguided, the mundane and the unfortunate — not by mocking but rather with a sensitive and intelligent understanding of human nature. May 4: *Stadacona Band.* A concert in aid of the military police's Canadian Blind Children's Fund. Lt. (N) Ron McCallum conducts with guest conductor Lt.-Cdr. J. F. McGuire, Lt.-Cdr. G. L. Morrison and Lt. (N) Ben Templaars. Selections include the *Aspen Overture*, *Scheherazade* and *A Traditional Sunset Ceremony*. For information call 426-5504. May 19: *Symphony Nova Scotia's Chamber Music Series.* Featuring works by Mozart, Debussy and Ravel. Dunn Theatre. May 23: *Symphony Nova Scotia* with Boris Brott conducting. Features prima ballerina Veronica Tennant and works by Sousa, Mascagni, Borodin, Prokofiev and Khatchaturian. For more information call 421-7311.



**Eye Level Gallery.** May 11, 12: Louise Hoyt, Sheilagh Hunt, Sherry Lee Hunter, all of Halifax, perform an original choreographed dance. 1585 Barrington Street, Suite 306. For information call 425-6412.

**Mount Saint Vincent University.** May 27: *Jim and Rosalie*, a children's concert with the nationally known duo from Toronto. They combine original and traditional works in a colorful musical



array. Advanced tickets available at Kiddie-Kobbler and Woozles. Sponsored by the Barbara Goldberg Chapter, Halifax Hadassah-Wizo.

**Saint Mary's University Art Gallery.** May 2: *Concert*. Violinist Chantal Juillet and Pianist William Tritt perform works by Beethoven, Brahms, Bartok, Prevost, Saint Saens and Ysaye. For information call 429-9780.

**Neptune Theatre.** June 7, 8, 9, and 14, 15, 16. *The Gondoliers*. Considered one of Gilbert and Sullivan's best works. A spoof on mistaken identity. One of two Venetian gondoliers is presumed to be the King of Barataria. This Gilbert and Sullivan Society of Nova Scotia production features Ray Grant, Jack Wenaus, Diane Ashworth and Brenda Joudrey. Tickets available at Neptune's box office. For information call 429-7070.

## FESTIVALS

**Scotia Festival of Music** Dalhousie Arts Centre. May 27- June 10: *Scotia Chamber Players* present a two-week celebration in the study and performance of chamber music. Internationally known masters conduct classes in chamber music, violin, viola, cello, piano, harpsichord, tympani and percussion. Faculty includes The Orford String Quartet, Louis Charbonneau, Jaime Laredo, violin; Panayis Lyras, piano; Donald Miller, percussion; John Rapson, clarinet; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; Bradford Tracey, harpsichord; William Tritt, piano; Victor Yampolsky, conductor/violin. Festival highlight subscription series, young artists' chamber music and master classes open to the public. For more information call Scotia Chamber Players, 429-9467.

**Festival Acadien d'Halifax.** Halifax. May 25-27: On Friday a banquet at the Chateau Halifax marks the 100th anniversary of the Acadian flag and anthem. The choir Les Voix d'Acadie performs. Saturday Scotia Square hosts a provincial arts and crafts display. There's also children's entertainment. That evening at Saint Mary's University Nova Scotia Acadian artists perform. A dance with the band "Eclipse" follows. A mass on Sunday at Saint Patrick's Church, Brunswick Street, wraps up the festivities. For more information call 434-5709.

**Kermesse.** Dalhousie University. June 2: The 73rd annual one-day fair presented by the auxiliary of the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children. The fair features painted baskets, trays and stools; knitted sweaters, smocked dresses, books, baked goodies and plants. Kermesse holds an art gallery exhibiting and selling works by regional artists. For the children there are fair rides, clowns and

a magician. Doctors at the IWK run "Doc's Dogs" a hot dog stand. Money raised at Kermesse helps pay for medical equipment for the hospital. Hours: 10 a.m. - 3 p.m.



## CLUB DATES

**Lord Nelson Beverage Room,** 5675 Spring Garden Road. To May 5: *McGinty*; May 7-19: *Garrison Brothers*; May 21-26: *McGinty*; May 28 - June 2: *Schooner Fare*. Folk and country/bluegrass music. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m. - 11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m. - 12:30 a.m.

**Privateers' Warehouse,** Historic Properties. Middle Deck: May 7-12: *Amos Garrett*, a guitar player; May 14-19, 21-26: *Bleecker Street*, a rhythm and blues band. Hours: Lower Deck, 11-30-12:30 a.m. Middle Deck, 11-2:30 a.m.

**The Village Gate,** 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. To May 5: *Intro*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m. - 11 p.m.; Thurs. - Sat. 10 a.m. - 12:30 a.m.

**The Network Lounge,** 1546 Dresden Row. To May 5: *Hits*; May 7-9: *Haywire*; May 10-13: *Fanfers*; May 14-19: *Passion*; May 28-June 2: *The Perfect Affair*: Top 40 dance bands. Hours: Mon. - Sat. till 2 a.m.

**Little Nashville,** 44 Alderney Drive. All country. To May 6: *Whiskey Fever*; May 7-13: *Dynasty*; May 14-20: *Morn'n Sun*; May 21-27: *Goldstrickers*; May 28 - June 3: *Robert and Giselle and Private Stock*. Hours: Every night 9 p.m. - 3 a.m.

**The Ice House Lounge.** 300 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth Weekly entertainment. May 7-12: *Rox*; May 28 - June 2: *Southside*. Hours: Mon. - Fri., 11:30 a.m. - 2 a.m.; Sat., 5 p.m. - 2 a.m.

**Peddler's Pub.** Lower Level, Delta Barrington Hotel. To May 5: *Mainstreet*; May 6-12: *The Aviators*; May 14-19: *Tokyo and Rose*; May 28-June 2: *Track*. Hours: Mon. - Wed., 11 a.m. - 11 p.m.; Thurs. - Sat., 11 a.m. - 12 midnight.

**Teddy's Piano Bar** at Delta Barrington Hotel. Throughout May: *J. P. Ellis*. Hours: Mon.-Sat., 9-1 a.m. Happy hour between 5-7 p.m.

## SPORTS

The great Canadian Participation Challenge. May 16: Organizers want Haligonians to participate in 15 minutes of continuous physical activity as part of National Physical Activities Week. You can do anything to increase your heart rate: Walk, run, swim, cycle or skip. At noon join the "walk around the clock" on Citadel Hill. Everyone, from children in daycare centres and schools to senior citizens, can participate. The aim is to involve as many people as possible and challenge Sudbury, a city about the same size as Halifax. After you've exercised you call a pre-publicized number to let organizers know you've participated. Last year Halifax challenged Regina and won.







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## FEEDBACK

### The amazing IWK

Your cover story *The Amazing Grace* (February) brought back poignant memories to my husband and me. Our little son's story parallels that of Dougie Brine almost exactly. Zachary was born March 1, 1982, at 27 weeks' gestation, weighing less than 1kg. I spent a month as a patient at the Grace and I can wholeheartedly agree with the comments about the excellent care one receives there: I, too, applaud their patient care and family-oriented philosophy. However, I would like to call your readers' attention to the fact that the Grace is not the only hospital in this area which provides neonatal care of such an excellent quality. Just across the street is the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children, and this is where our little boy spent his first tenuous months of life, and Dr. Rees and his marvellous staff worked their daily miracles. (Because of unusual medical circumstances, our baby was born at the Victoria General Hospital, and babies born outside the Grace go to the IWK for treatment.) The care and treatment described in your article is very similar to that given our son. He is now a perfectly healthy two-year-old.

Sylvia Luffman  
Tantallon, N.S.

### Prairie schooners

Since leaving Nova Scotia for western Canada I have enjoyed keeping in touch through *Atlantic Insight* with "home" news and other goings on. I'd like to make one comment, however, and it relates to an article about Farley Mowat written by Silver Donald Cameron several years ago (*Farley Mowat, Prophet*, Cover Story, October 1979) and reprinted in your December 1982 issue. Cameron suggests that something or other was about as remote or as ridiculous as sailing in Saskatchewan. So that Silver Donald does not make the same mistake again, he should know that there are some very good sailors here on the flat prairie. Personally speaking, I never sailed at all while being "brought up" in Nova Scotia. Sailing was always, or at least seemed to be, an activity for those who had to make a living that way or for those with lots of money. I belonged to neither category. Now I spend my whole summers sailing on some of the best lakes in the country. We may not have the salt water, but we do have the wind, which is enough to test the most experienced of sailors.

Greg Robert  
Regina, Sask.

### This park is different

I read with interest your February report on a proposal to establish a national marine park in the West Isles area of New Brunswick (*It's the Old Park Battle—Again*, New Brunswick). May I offer the following points of clarification. 1. A feasibility study is expected to be completed by the fall of 1984. It will be followed by a period of public consultation to determine the wishes of the public concerning the park proposal. A decision on whether or not to proceed with the park proposal will be made after the public consultation. 2. Parks Canada has no plans for expropriation of property, or for forcing any residents out of their homes. Expropriation will only be considered when found necessary to clear title and then only with the consent of the property-owners.

P. A. Thompson,  
Director, National Parks  
Branch  
Parks Canada  
Ottawa, Ont.

### Military policy on gays is bigotry

As a gay man with 10 years in the military, I take issue with Mr. Grubb's facetious excuses for the military policy of discrimination against gay people (Feedback, December). The blackmail argument is a circular Catch-22 one, whereby the weakness in the military's policy, i.e. the automatic firing of discovered gays, can easily be exploited by a hostile power. This is best illustrated by the affair involving NATO General Keissling, who was *alleged* to be gay. The disruption to the West German government and NATO by the ensuing panic by heterosexuals was clearly not in Western interests. If there were no policy of instant dismissal, it would be impossible to blackmail an out-of-the-closet gay man or lesbian on the basis of homosexuality. Moreover, there are numerous gays with security clearances in the rest of the federal government. What's the problem with the military? The argument of the "rivalries and jealousies" that Mr. Grubb fears is as ridiculous to women as it is to gay people. Gay men and lesbians have been there all along. Most of my military gay friends—fighter pilots, an artilleryman and a couple aboard ship, have been performing as competently as anyone else for years. The only disruption in "harmony" occurs when gays are fired after the military's secret police, sneaking around gay bars, discover another military gay.

G. B. Johnston  
Ottawa, Ont.



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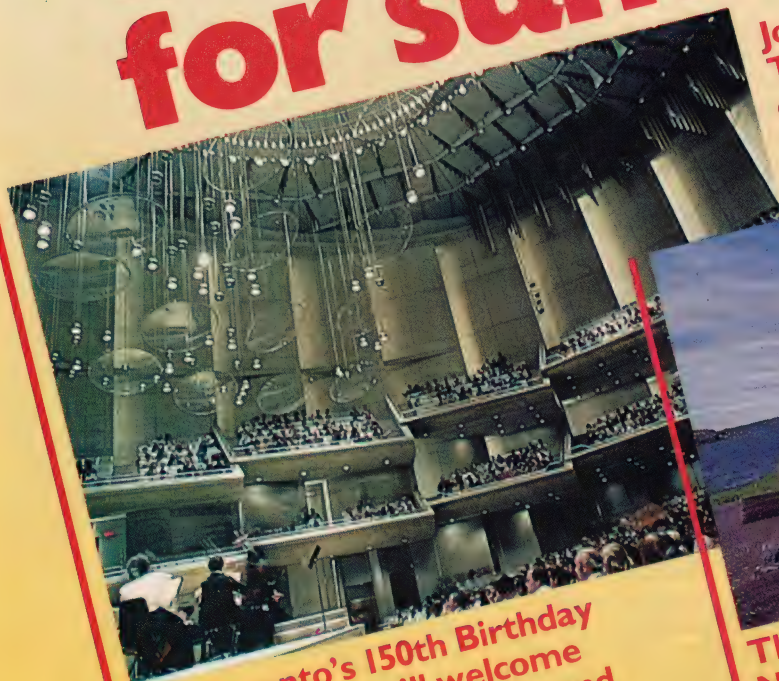




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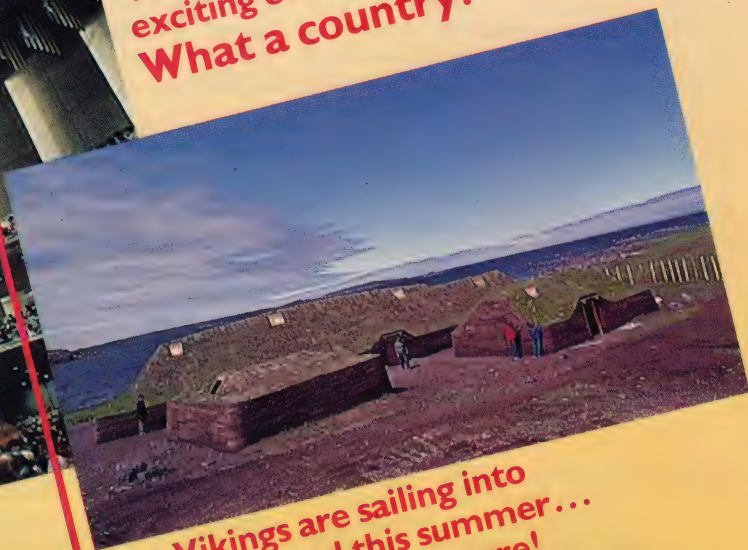
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# So safe you could drink it

*In the Fifties and Sixties, 170 men sprayed 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T along New Brunswick's power transmission lines. Today, a third of them are dead. Most of the rest are sick*

By Chris Wood

**E**ven as Jerry White clambered into the back of the new '57 Chev truck for the bone-jarring ride into the bush, he knew it was going to be another hot day. The radio was saying hurricane Audrey, the storm that had killed a couple of hundred people down in the States, would send rain into central Canada. But here in western New Brunswick, the forecast was for another clear, humid day in the high 80s.

It was already warm when White and the rest of the N.B. Power spray crew reached the two muskegs, all-terrain vehicles equipped with tanks and four spray guns. As usual, the crew loaded the muskegs with a mix of liquid brushkiller and water, and climbed aboard.

Two hours later, just before 11 a.m., the muskegs pulled up by a creek to refill their tanks, and White stripped off his spray-sodden T-shirt. For the rest of the

day, he would work in nothing more than a pair of jeans. His position at the front left corner of the muskeg put him downwind of spray from the three other sprayers on the machine. By mid-afternoon, he was coated head-to-toe in a sticky film of the chemical, and his head swam slightly from the pungent fumes.

He wasn't really worried about it. The stuff was perfectly safe. Hadn't Joe Guerette, the power commission engineer in charge of brush-clearing along transmission lines, actually drunk some of it, just to prove the point? White, 18 that summer, was more inclined to dwell on how he was going to spend his pay cheque when he got back to Fredericton on the weekend.

A blast of spray directed at his face caught White in mid-reverie. Hartley Holland, foreman of the two spray crews operating on this stretch of right-of-way, had driven up the line out of sight, and

Robyn Gregory, a sprayer on the other muskeg, was taking the opportunity for a little fun. Laughing, White directed a long stream of spray back at Gregory. One thing about these spray guns, you could have great water fights with them.

Between 1956 and 1964, crews employed by the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission sprayed liquid herbicide, a 50-50 mixture of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T diluted with either water or oil, on more than 20,000 acres of power line right-of-way. Of 174 men who worked on the crews, 60 are now dead, at least six of them suicides. Of the remaining 114, only nine are in good health. "All the rest have one or more illnesses in varying degrees of severity," says White, now 45 and in uncertain health himself. "Most are very, very sick."

The statistics are the result of a two-year search by White and Gregory for other former sprayers, a search that began when Gregory started to suspect his own poor health might be connected to the three summers he spent spraying. "We undertook this to reassure ourselves," he says. "Unfortunately, what we found did just the opposite."

Among the discoveries the two men made:

- More than a third of the former sprayers, 60 men altogether, have died



## SPECIAL REPORT

in the years since 1964. "We should have lost a maximum of 20 over that period to natural attrition," says White.

- The average age of the men who died was 56.2 years; the provincial average over the past two decades is 62.6.

- Suicides among sprayers (several attributed to despair due to ill health) were 10 times the provincial norm.

- Half of those who survive have been treated for nervous problems, 46% for arthritic pains; and 41% have suffered heart attacks, strokes or persistent high blood pressure.

The quarter-century since White and Gregory enjoyed water fights from the steel decks of muskegs has taken a heavy toll on the health of former sprayers. It has been no kinder to the reputation of the "safe" herbicides the two young men once used as ammunition.

The chemicals 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T have since gained fame as the basic ingredients of Agent Orange, sprayed over millions of acres of Vietnam in the 1960s and 1970s. Both were at issue in last year's controversial Cape Breton trial in which landowners sought to prevent their use in forestry. Indeed, 2,4,5-T has become so unpopular that its principal manufacturer, Dow Chemical, no longer makes it.

Concern over the two herbicides focuses on a contaminant found in minute traces only in 2,4,5-T: TCDD dioxin, a compound 1,000 times more lethal than cyanide (other, less lethal,

forms of dioxin are also found in 2,4-D). Canada's Pest Control Products Act allows up to 100 parts per billion of TCDD in 2,4,5-T, and most commercial samples contain less than 10 p.p.b.

Dr. David Walters, Fredericton's medical officer of health, who first investigated White's and Gregory's concerns, believes TCDD contamination of liquid brushkillers used in the 1950s may have been 5,000 times greater than concentrations found in today's products.

With rising concern over the toxic properties of dioxin-contaminated herbicides, precautions for using them have become more stringent. Dow Chemical spokesman Don Stevenson tells users of today's relatively innocuous formulas not to let it get on the skin, "and do not breathe the vapor. One should not mix the stuff without protection for the eyes and for the skin. Common sense says use rubber gloves."

Gregory does not remember any supervisor of the Fifties ever mentioning such precautions. "It was so safe you could drink it. What would you need safety equipment for?"

By late last year, White and Gregory felt the evidence they had uncovered was too strong to refute. Clearly, the casual spraying practices of the Fifties had exposed them to far greater amounts of dioxin-contaminated herbicide than would be acceptable today. Equally clearly, poor health plagues most of the former sprayers. Several (Gregory

among them) have been forced into early retirement by illness.

In mid-February, the two men formed SODA (Sprayers of Dioxin Association) and engaged the Fredericton law firm of Mockler Allen and Dixon to represent them. "We want compensation for the men, period," the two told their new lawyers. A lawsuit could be directed at either N.B. Power or Dow Chemical of Canada Ltd. of Sarnia, Ont., maker of the active 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T ingredients in the brushkiller. They would seek compensation of "tens of millions of dollars" for loss of health and income.

Good enough, came the lawyers' reply. But SODA would need evidence far stronger than the highly suggestive, but unproven and entirely circumstantial, statistics White and Gregory had gathered so far. A court of law would not be impressed by what might well be mere coincidence, or health problems brought on by other causes (both men, for example, are heavy smokers).

In short, SODA must now prove not only that its members received large doses of dioxins while spraying, but that the exposure to dioxin was also the cause of their health problems. And that, White admits, is likely to be "very, very difficult."

Despite dozens of studies in countries from Czechoslovakia to New Zealand, there remains little agreement and less certainty among medical experts about



Gregory (left) and White are fighting for millions of dollars in compensation

DAVID NICHOLS





DAVID NICHOLS

**Walters: No definite answers for another five years**

the effects on health of the relatively small quantities of TCDD present in herbicides (even those formulas used in the Fifties contained TCDD in proportions equal to less than one ounce of salt in 1,200 pounds of potatoes). None of the numerous health effects reported by people exposed to TCDD has yet been confirmed in large-scale, controlled epidemiological studies.

"There is no one test or group of tests that will prove a dioxin-related health consequence," says Fredericton's Dr. Walters.

Dr. Susan Daum, a New Jersey specialist in environmental medicine, admits, "We just don't know very much about what level of [dioxin] exposure causes disease." What evidence does exist, she says, points to a variety of effects. "Dioxin does initiate cancer in animals," she says. "It is also a very efficient promoter of cancer. Effects more immediate than that could have been damage to the nervous system, liver effects, skin effects, damage to the brain. A group of factory workers in Czechoslovakia reported an increase in heart attacks. It has been suggested that diabetes was a result. Both joint pains and muscle pains have been described very prominently in the literature on dioxin."

Of the 60 New Brunswick sprayers who have since died, 16 died of cancer. Virtually every other malady on dioxin's list of suspected effects can also be found among the survivors.

Sherman Skiffington, 65, of Saint John has had cancer and suffers from confusion and loss of memory. "This is the way I'm left," he says. "I've got no brains at all. I can't think of nothing." Several survivors, Gregory among them, complain that their nerves are shot.

Wayne Hunter, 47, a Fredericton tow-truck operator, has had one severe heart attack, suffers from high blood pressure, and discovered last summer his

liver has become enlarged.

Roger Baraglia, 47, of Bathurst has both diabetes and arthritis, although a twin brother has neither. Wayne Hunter also suffers from acute pains in the fingers, wrists and shoulders, which resist diagnosis as arthritis. Skiffington also has arthritis-like pains.

According to Daum, the very variety of effects may be the key to proving that dioxin is at the root of many of the ex-sprayers' health problems. "Most

human diseases affect one organ at a time. Toxic substances often affect multiple organs, so one can look for a pattern."

But proving the point will be long and expensive. The New Brunswick Department of Health has agreed to fund a first step. The Ottawa-based Canadian Public Health Association will oversee an independent analysis of the medical records of SODA members, to determine whether the group's apparently high mortality rate and other health problems can be blamed on over-exposure to herbicides or some other cause, or are mere coincidence.

Elsewhere in the world, more than 65 major studies (costing by one estimate about \$100 million) are aimed at filling in other gaps in the scientific understanding of dioxin and its effects. One, launched by an Australian doctor, will compare some 3,000 Australian veterans



DAVID NICHOLS

**Today's recommended spraying gear**

of the Vietnam War exposed to Agent Orange with a comparable number of "controls," former soldiers who did not serve in Vietnam.

But David Walters doesn't expect definitive conclusions from many of the studies for another five years. Even then, because certain health effects may occur only rarely among the relatively small number of men over-exposed to herbicides in New Brunswick, "you may not get answers for these people," he warns.

Nor is scientific uncertainty the only roadblock facing SODA. Also in doubt is the legal question of whether Dow or N.B. Power should pay compensation for toxic effects that were apparently not even guessed at by experts until the Sixties. As Dow's Stevenson puts it: "We're certainly sympathetic to their plight, but is it possible to hold someone liable today [on the basis of] knowledge of today, for something that happened when that knowledge was not available?"


That question may ultimately be answered by the courts, in a ruling that would make legal history in Canada. According to Dick Murtha, the Halifax lawyer who represented Cape Breton landowners in an unsuccessful bid to stop herbicide spraying on the island, no previous Canadian case quite compares to the one being assembled by SODA's Fredericton lawyers.

SODA, Murtha says, will enjoy at least one advantage over the Cape Breton plaintiffs. They had to argue that harm *might* be done by a future spray program, but any injuries suffered by former sprayers have already occurred. "The difference is that you have bodies, so to speak."

And several similar lawsuits launched in the United States have wrung large settlements from chemical companies there, Murtha says, including a \$57-million judgment last year against Dow's competitor in the herbicide business, Monsanto Company.

It's not entirely surprising that neither N.B. Power's engineers nor even chemical-makers such as Dow expected the wonder products of the Fifties to cast such long shadows over their users. It was a decade when science had not yet lost its glitter, and popular magazines were still fond of travelling to the City of the Future, where robots did the work and humans jetted around on personal space-scooters. A world news digest published in 1957 lists not a single entry under the word "environment" (by 183, the same publication listed 56 such entries).

"Those were the days," says Jerry White, his voice laced with bitter irony, "when dioxin wasn't invented!"

That people now know better is scant consolation to men whose playful duels, fought with "harmless" spray a quarter-century ago, may have left a poisonous residue of TCDD's doughnut-shaped molecules. So too is the prospect that their lives, ravaged by ill health, may now serve the advancement of science in the unasked-for role of guinea pig. 



# Can the Liberals make a comeback?

*The next year, party officials say, is crucial for the provincial Liberals — and for leader Sandy Cameron*

The day after Nova Scotia Liberals were clobbered in a byelection in Kings South, provincial Liberal leader Sandy Cameron stood in front of a power-generating station in Dartmouth, waving a fistful of power bills in the bitter, February wind. "The premier has been lying and deceitful by saying we pay only the national average for power," Cameron read from scribbled notes. "I've been a patient man, but frankly, I can't stay quiet about this anymore."

To at least some members of his audience of shivering reporters, Cameron's outdoor media event had an air of desperation about it. In going on the attack against the provincial Tory government, he was attempting to ignore the big news of the day — the fact that his party had won only 18.6% of the vote in Kings South, polling half the votes of the second place NDP and a third of the Conservatives'.

Cameron says the seat is a traditional Tory stronghold, but he has no such excuse for other defeats that occurred since he became party leader in 1980. Last year, in another byelection, the Liberals lost a Cape Breton seat to the Tories, reducing the Liberal caucus to 12 members in the 52-seat house.

And in the 1981 provincial election, the party dropped to an all-time low, winning only 33% of the popular vote and losing all 14 seats in metro Halifax, where they won only 27% of the vote.

Cameron says the party did poorly in 1981 because it was less than three years from the election in which the Tories under John Buchanan snatched power from the Liberals under Gerald Regan. "People said why take us back? It was too early. And lots of people were wondering who the hell was Sandy Cameron. A lot of people thought I was just a country bumpkin from the Eastern Shore."

Cameron, who grew up in Sherbrooke, N.S., has worked as a farmer, a resource broadcaster for the CBC, a provincial civil servant and a property manager and developer in the Halifax area. He won his Guysborough seat in 1973 when he was 33, becoming the youngest MLA of the day. In 1980, after Regan switched to federal politics, provincial Liberals chose Cameron for party leader on the final ballot, opting for his nice-guy image and photogenic looks over the scrappy street smarts of Cape

Breton MLA Vince MacLean.

Today, some Liberals are privately shaking their heads over that decision. "He's just not capitalizing on the opportunities," one says. "The media are doing a better job of opposition than he is."

Buchanan says he misses the "cut and thrust" that took place in the legislature when Regan was leader. "Cameron doesn't seem to have the same imagination and ingenuity," he says. "Gerry was more incisive, and so was the rest of the bunch with him."

Cameron says he has his own political style. "I may not be as aggressive as some people would like. But when I move, I move with intention." The Liberals, he says, have a plan to get back on track before the next election, although "there's still a lot of work to do."

Much of that involves revitalizing the party's organization and finances. When the Liberals lost the 1978 election, they also lost most of their high-profile MLAs, such as Garnie Brown and Peter Nicholson. And when Regan left for Ottawa, party insiders say, much of the party network seemed to crumble behind him.

Adding to Liberal woes was the embarrassment suffered when three prominent Liberal bagmen were convicted of influence peddling — promising favor with the Liberal government in exchange for

party contributions. (One is appealing his conviction.)

And, as Liberal party president Jim Cowan admits, party finances are in bad shape. "We haven't gone about collecting money in the right way," he says. "The Conservatives are a bit smarter than we are."

Cowan worries about NDP strength, especially in the Halifax area, and says the next year, leading up to an expected election in 1985, is crucial for the party and for Cameron. "The next election is important to him. The party has to clearly prove itself in opposition."

Cameron refuses to even consider the possibility of losing the next election. "Really, I don't have a second thought. I intend to be premier, and I will be."

But skepticism remains, especially since the February byelection. Even before that Liberal defeat, Buchanan warned: "If the Liberals don't pull themselves up by the bootstraps, we're going to end up with only two parties in this province. And the other one is going to be the NDP."

—Susan Murray



Cameron: "I intend to be premier, and I will be"





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# The milk business goes sour

*The Island's new milk marketing board was set up to straighten out the dairy industry. Then the mutiny occurred*

**D**airy farmer Charles Adams of O'Leary, P.E.I., knew he was breaking the law. But he had no qualms, he says, about defying an order from the provincial milk marketing board to stop selling milk to a Summerside co-operative dairy, Amalgamated Dairies Ltd. (ADL). Neither, apparently, did the other 290 dairy farmers from western P.E.I. who risked fines, loss of income and jail terms this spring in their fight with the provincially appointed marketing board. "We had a good feeling we were on firm ground," says Adams, a father of three who owns 100 head of cattle. "Laws are broken every day, and they'd have to get a damn big courtroom to haul 300 people into court. We're prepared to go to court, if necessary, but we hope it won't be."

The crisis in P.E.I.'s \$40-million dairy industry dates back to last June, when the provincial government announced plans to set up an industrial milk pool.

A provincial milk marketing board

would buy all milk destined for processing and sell it to the two Island dairies, ADL and Perfection Foods in Charlottetown.

Agriculture Minister Prowse Chappell said the pool was necessary to equalize milk prices and ensure that both plants stayed in business. The producer-owned ADL, which had a strong market for its product — mainly cheese — had been paying higher prices for milk than Perfection, and there were fears more and more farmers would start shipping to ADL, and that Perfection might go under.

But, from the time Chappell appointed seven dairy farmers to a provincial milk marketing board last summer, ADL members made it clear they didn't plan to join the milk pool. After the pool became official Feb. 1, they continued to ship milk directly to the Summerside dairy.

The penalty for defying the board, which created the pool, is a fine of up to \$5,000 for a first offence or up to six

months in jail. And the milk board has told the mutinous farmers they could also lose their federal milk subsidy — the six cents a litre the Canadian Dairy Commission (CDC) pays all dairy farmers. Farmers not in the milk pool — the marketing board is the only Island dairy authority the CDC now recognizes —

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Dyment: "We look after our producers"

don't get their production figures sent to the CDC in Ottawa every month. No production figures, no subsidy.

By late March, the western farmers remained firm. "We're still 100% behind ADL," Adams said. "There's no way they can force this on us." Adams and the other ADL members say they've worked long and hard to build up their dairy, and they don't want to subsidize a competing dairy that hasn't been managed as efficiently as ADL. "Our freedom of choice is being taken from us," Adams says. "Once the milk goes in the tanks, we don't have any say in who gets it, or what we're paid for it. Right now, we're being paid more as ADL shareholders. Why should we jeopardize our plant?"

Among other things, ADL members fear that their dairy won't be able to obtain all the milk it needs under the pooling system. That's a legitimate fear: Across Canada, processing plants are crying for more milk.

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quotas on each province and each farmer.

Following a drop in consumer demand for dairy products during the recession of 1981 and 1982, the CDC decided to cut quotas nationally by 9%. Farmers cut back their herds and milk production dropped. It fell so low, in fact, that consumer demand is now outstripping the supply.

Normally, however, it's the supply management system that has kept the market strong and the industry stable.

University of P.E.I. professor Tim Carroll, who has worked with marketing boards and studied the Island's dairy industry, says that system — more than good management — has been largely responsible for ADL's recent good years. If the supply management system broke down, he says, Canada would become a dumping ground for milk surplus from the European Economic Community and the United States. "Without the supply management system, the Canadian borders would be opened," he says. "I wouldn't give any of them — ADL, Granby [a central Canadian cheese processor] — six weeks to survive in this country."

Canadian cheese markets have been strong in the past few years, and that's been a boon for ADL. But Perfection's main products are evaporated milk and skim milk or powder. Both have to be sold overseas, often at a loss, and subsidized by the CDC.

ADL president George Dymont, a Tyne Valley dairy farmer, says the co-op wants to stay in the national dairy system without participating in the provincial pool. "We don't have any problems [with the system as it was]," he says. "We look after our producers."

In early March, the ADL management asked the milk board to send February milk production figures of ADL shippers to the CDC, so that the western farmers would get their federal subsidy. The board agreed, on one condition: The ADL would have to agree to meet with a conciliator. "The board is no less guilty than ADL," board chairman Jamie Ballem conceded. "We've all dug our heels in."

By the time conciliator Jim Murray of Guelph, Ont., arrived in late March, the provincial government and ADL members were fighting again, this time over how long ADL's production figures would be sent to the CDC.

After an intense weekend of meetings involving the two dairies, the milk marketing board and the government, Chappell announced that the issue would be put to a plebiscite. Farmers would vote for the board's marketing system or for one outlined by ADL.

That means that the rebellious dairy farmers of western P.E.I. have a chance to shape the future of the Island's dairy industry. But if other farmers reject the ADL plan, there could be more conflict ahead.

—Susan Mahoney



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# Who killed Jack and Isabella Felsing?

*Nineteen years later, the death of this quiet couple is as much a mystery as ever. So is the solution to half a dozen other killings over the past two decades*

Gathering dusk brought a seasonal chill to the clear October evening. Against the distant murmur of traffic and the muted gurgle of the Saint John River 30 yards away down the embankment, the rasp of shoes on unused pavement sounded unnaturally loud. Ahead of the strolling couple, a black Labrador dog ambled nose down along the overgrown shoulders of the abandoned stretch of riverside highway.

The scarlet of Isabella Felsing's lightweight coat still glowed faintly in the dim remnants of sunset. Beside her, Jack Felsing's brown sports jacket was less distinct. A match flared as Isabella slowed her step to light a cigarette. As she paused, she turned to look toward the river, gleaming softly through the alders to her left.

At that precise moment, the silence

fell apart, shattered by the bark of a heavy-gauge shotgun. The pellets caught Isabella Felsing fully in the face and left shoulder. The pathologist would later count 46 shotgun pellets in her body. Seven more struck Jack Felsing, walking a little ahead of his wife. One tore through the carotid artery, supplying blood to his brain.

It took less than five minutes for Isabella Felsing, 51, of Fredericton, N.B., to die. Her 48-year-old husband of only 10½ weeks died five minutes later, at about 7:45 p.m., Tuesday, Oct. 19, 1965.

How Jack and Isabella Felsing died is no mystery. Why they died is every bit as much of a mystery today as it was 19 years ago, when an off-duty Fredericton taxi driver and his girlfriend discovered the bodies along a deserted dead end



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Snow: Looking for a vital missing clue

called the Oromocto Flats.

Like half a dozen other unsolved killings over the past two decades, the Felsing's deaths remain an open case on the books of police. And the absence of answers continues to trouble the victims' family.

"There's a couple of things I hope I see before it's over," says Francis Smith, Isabella's brother and only close family survivor. "I'd like to hear who did it, and why." In an attempt to prod the RCMP into a new effort to solve the Felsing's murder, Smith's daughter wrote this winter to several New Brunswick media outlets, calling their attention to the unsolved case and to the speculation that has frequently surrounded it.

At the RCMP's imposing limestone headquarters in Fredericton — formerly the lieutenant-governor's mansion — Det.-Sgt. Gordon Snow dusted off the four-inch-thick file on the Felsing, and



looked through the faded forensic reports and yellowing witnesses' statements one more time for that vital clue earlier investigators might have missed.

The conundrum starts with the question of motive: Why would anyone want to kill a pleasant, sedate, serious, middle-management civil servant and his wife, out for their nightly constitutional?

Local journalists had a field day with the question in the weeks following the murder. Was Jack Felsing, a senior purchaser in the provincial Department of Public Works, about to blow the whistle on some impropriety? Were the couple murdered by mistake, by a shot intended for then-Premier Louis Robichaud, whose highly controversial Equal Opportunity policies angered many anglo-New Brunswickers, and who was also known to unwind with a walk down on the flats? Was there something in the Felsings' 18-year romance and very recent marriage that might explain their deaths? Why was Isabella's will never found? Was it only a crank who reportedly telephoned Jack's half-sister Edna shortly after the shooting, and threatened her with the words: "We know everything. Keep out of it. Get out?"

The RCMP investigated every angle, sending officers as far afield as British Columbia, test-firing dozens of shotguns and administering more than 20 polygraph lie-detector tests but, according to Snow, they drew nothing but blanks. "None of the normal things that would fit into a deliberate murder hold true in this case. At the time, we were of the feeling that it was a hunting accident. I still am."

Several factors support the accidental-shooting theory. The Oromocto Flats is a popular place to hunt partridge, deer and waterfowl; several hunters had visited the area earlier in the day. It was too dark to shoot safely at small game. But equally, an uphill shot through brush, in gathering dusk, is an unlikely choice for a deliberate killer.

A curious event that occurred while the Felsings' bodies lay at a Fredericton funeral home may further buttress the hunting-accident theory. A man, never identified, visited the funeral home, performed what was described as a Catholic "act of contrition" over Isabella's coffin, and hastily left.

Other deaths on the RCMP unsolved list however, are less ambiguous. In 1970, the death of a Dieppe teenager, Claire Gagnon, was attributed by pathologists to strangling. Two years later, Wilmot Hathaway, a night watchman in Perth-Andover, was found dead in a government garage, victim of the almost proverbial "heavy, blunt instrument." The same year, someone driving a truck or heavy car deliberately swerved from a highway near Doaktown, and struck twin brothers Donald and Ronald Urqu-

hart, age 16. In 1974, Mary Redmond, 59, of Chatham Head died on her own doorstep from "something like 75 stab wounds," Snow recalls. And in 1976, someone wielding a baseball bat killed a Buctouche man.

None of the cases has ever been officially solved, although in at least one of them, Snow says, RCMP think they know who the murderer is. "He knows we suspect him. He also knows we can't do anything more than that [for lack of evidence]." In every case, the search for new evidence continues sporadically.

Investigators who reopen the Felsings' file "are looking for a specific item," Snow says. "If we find this par-

ticular item, it could be the key."

Even if that key (Snow will say only that it isn't the murder weapon itself) eventually turns up, the chances of anyone facing trial for the shooting are remote. Indeed, Francis Smith says, "I don't want anyone punished. What's the point now? I just want to know who did it, and why."

Other bereaved victims of New Brunswick's unsolved murders may not share Smith's forgiving attitude. But, most people surely would prefer to know what really happened.

The exceptions, of course, are the half-dozen people who already know — the uncaught killers.

— Chris Wood

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# A would-be shepherd switches flocks

*Some see Leo Barry's defection to the Liberals as a pathway to becoming the next premier of Newfoundland*

**T**he art of politics," Leo Barry once said, "is to a large extent deciding on the proper timing for various decisions." The right timing has always been important to Barry, former Conservative cabinet minister and now Liberal member of the Newfoundland legislature. When Newfoundland's offshore oil projects were in their infancy, he was provincial Mines and Energy minister. When Newfoundlanders started becoming skeptical about ever getting any money from the offshore because of federal-provincial bickering, he resigned from the cabinet. When national opinion polls began indicating that the Tories could sweep a federal election, he considered a move to federal politics. And, as Premier Brian Peckford's popularity sank to an all-time low this winter, Barry suddenly switched to the provincial Liberals.

Some call his sense of timing opportunism; Barry says it's a matter of "analysing where I can be most effective in the political sphere."

That spot could well be the top job in Newfoundland's Liberal party. A handsome, silver-haired, Yale-trained lawyer, Barry, 41, says he got into politics in the first place because it was "action-oriented" and would give him a chance to make an impact on society. His ambitions to lead a party — almost any party — have been evident for some time. In 1979, he ran against Peckford for the Tory party leadership, and at one time he considered trying to start a new, separatist movement. Although he declined early this spring to commit himself to running for the leadership at next fall's Liberal convention, other politicians, such as NDP leader Peter Fenwick, see Barry's switch as "the best path to becoming the next premier of Newfoundland." And last year, when asked about his leadership ambitions, Barry observed, "I wouldn't be in politics if I didn't feel I have a contribution to make, and it's natural to want to make such a contribution at as high a level as possible."

A politician who — unlike many of his colleagues — is regarded as intellectual rather than colorful, Barry holds a doctor of laws degree and once taught political science and constitutional law at Memorial University in St. John's and Dalhousie University in Halifax. After serving as chairman of Newfoundland's

Labor Relations Board, he joined the legislature in 1972, becoming deputy speaker, Energy minister and a main author of Newfoundland's offshore ownership case.

It was the way Peckford handled that case that pushed Barry into the arms of the Liberals. Barry was chief negotiator with the feds, but Peckford took away some of his authority by ruling that any changes in Newfoundland's position had to go through cabinet and the planning and priorities committee. Barry resigned as Energy minister in 1981, and quit the party 2½ years later, charging that Peckford was mishandling the offshore negotiations. "Your bungling, and that of your ministers of Justice and Energy, led to our going to the Supreme Court of Canada from a position of weakness," he told Peckford in his letter of resignation this February.

Barry's outspoken criticism of the premier's failure to negotiate an offshore agreement has caught the mood of growing numbers of Newfoundlanders. And Barry has long had a considerable following in Newfoundland. Always in demand as a speaker, he attracted a standing-room-only crowd at a Rotary Club meeting in Corner Brook a week after his defection.

Part of his current appeal, he concedes, springs from voters' frustration with Peckford, whose popularity, according to a Memorial University poll, has

slipped badly even in Tory St. John's.

That mood, of course, could change before the next provincial election, due within three years. And the Liberals, who hold only eight legislative seats to the Tories' 44, have a long way to climb to get back into office.

Since they last held power, in 1972, they've gone through five leaders. Two of them, Ed Roberts and acting leader Steve Neary, could be among leadership candidates in the fall, along with fishermen's union president Richard Cashin.

For Barry, neither the premiership nor the Liberal leadership is a sure thing. But, as a Liberal MLA, he says, he'll be more effective than he was as a Tory backbencher. "And I see myself, over the next couple of years, being in a position to articulate what I think is the frustration of a lot of people in this province," he adds. "Seeing that this government is taken out of power — that will be satisfaction. The rest will be icing on the cake." — Victoria O'Dea

DICK GREEN



Barry (left) and Neary: The Liberals have a long way to climb



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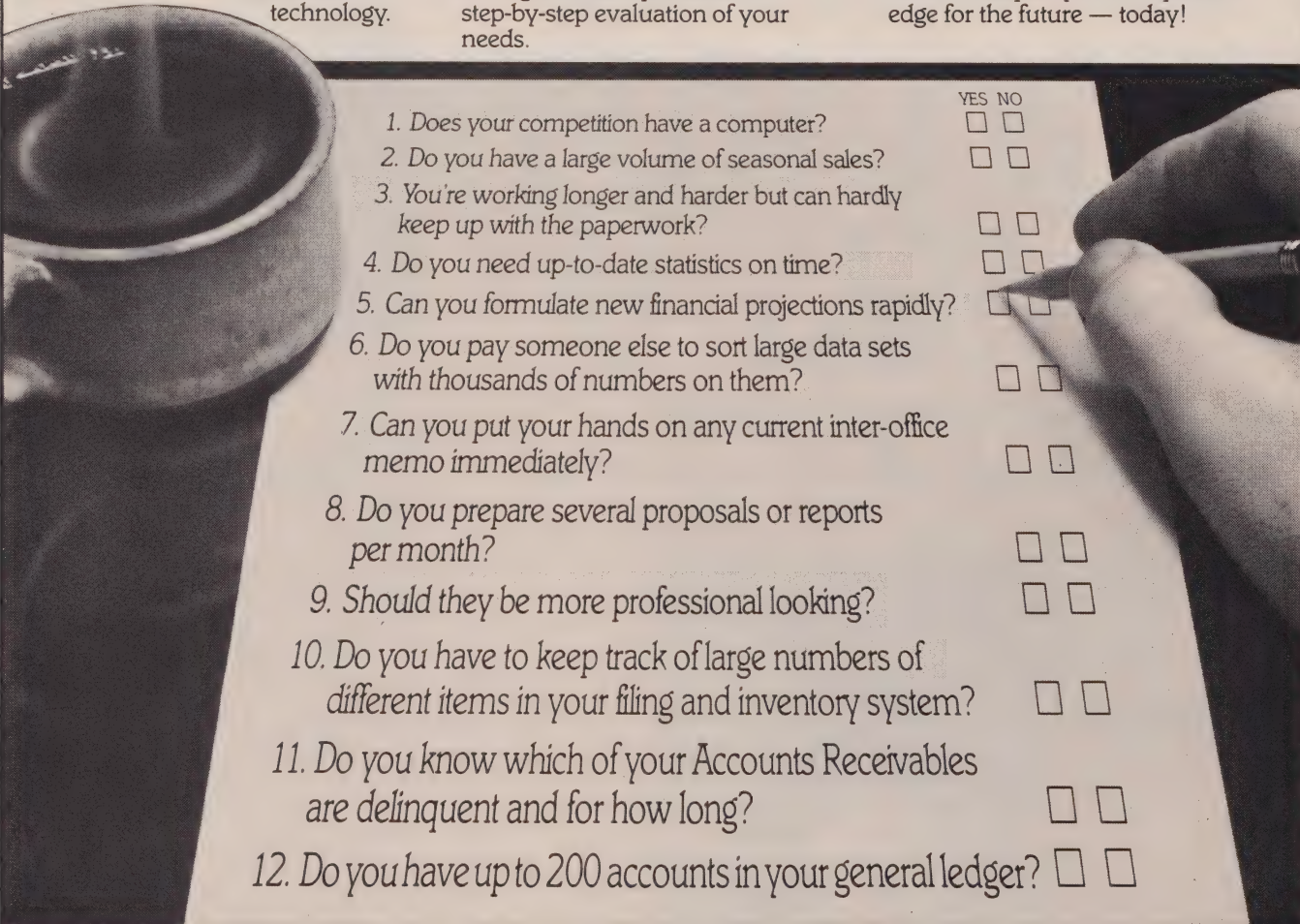
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# Boss of the laughter factory

*At 33, Newfoundland's Johnny Dalton is prosperous, happily married and secure in "the best job in Canada." There's only one thing missing*

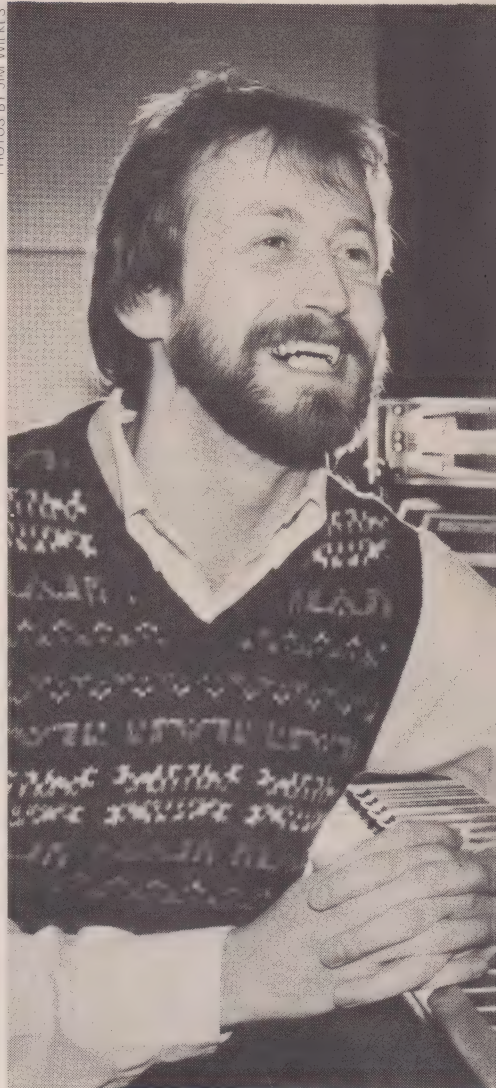
By John Doig

**C**abbagetown, Toronto . . . a place where dreams are abandoned like empty wine bottles, and on a night like this, the filthy frozen snow glistens in the light from the streetlamps like lumps of wet coal, and the wind cuts right to the soul. This is the setting — in life's theatre of the absurd — for CBC's laughter factory, the dilapidated old studio where they produce, among other lighthearted things, the *Royal Canadian Air Farce*. The rehearsal for the show's 10th anniversary broadcast is about to begin. It's a big night for the cast and for the young producer, Johnny Dalton, a sprite who came out of Newfoundland a few years ago and now dares to occupy an honored place in the jealous, old-boy network of the CBC establishment. It's a night too, it seems,

for black metaphor.

Thick cables snake across the sidewalk between the studio and parked sound truck, in which it is Dalton's habit to watch the proceedings on closed-circuit TV, away from the distractions of the studio, so he can imagine himself sitting by the radio in some innocent hamlet. The cast is assembled on stage, and Dalton bounds out of the studio, full of energy and enthusiasm, heading for his truck. Just then, a shabbily dressed old woman comes in, picking her way over the cables. She is crying, from the coldness of the night — and of her life. She asks if she can spend the night in the studio. Dalton tells her she cannot stay. But he empties his pockets and gives her all the money he has, about \$10. He suggests she go with his production assistant, Debra Toffan, to a greasy spoon

PHOTOS BY JIM WILKES



Dalton: Humor is in his being

across the street, where they can have a bowl of hot soup together. But the old woman shakes her head and walks off. A few doors away, she enters a beerhall that smells of sweat and disinfectant.

Later, recalling the old woman's decision, Dalton smiles. There's a certain jaded humor in the experience. But there's also a stronger emotion that has left him disturbed. "You're all hyped up," he says, "and then something like that happens and you go crashing down, back to reality."

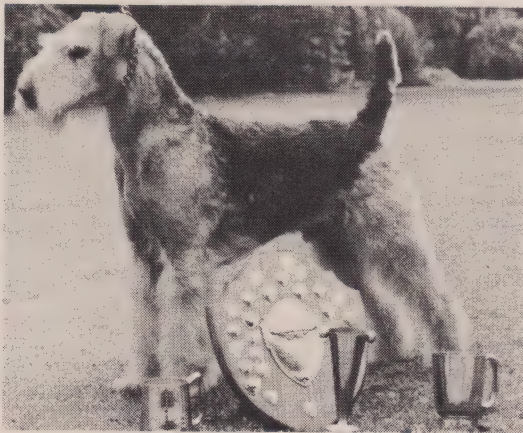
On reflection, the incident is a parable about Johnny Dalton. Here is a kind man, you decide, a man who has a lot of feeling for the pain in others — partly because he has known a good deal of pain in himself. But he is mischievous too, an amusing sprite. Humor is in his being, and it is his work, but it is also seemingly a defence against the "reality" he finds so unsettling.

He was conscious early, he says, in the comfortable clutter of his office in the aged warren that is CBC English headquarters, of learning to look out for

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himself. For the Daltons, hardiness was always a part of day-to-day living. Melita Dalton gave birth to Frank, the third of her five children, in the lighthouse in the Narrows of St. John's harbor, where her husband, Benjamin, was the keeper. Frank arrived during a wartime blackout when movement was forbidden. "The first sound he heard," Melita recalls, "was the sirens." Benjamin got the mainland job and the house he coveted in the west end, near the school — so he would no longer have to walk eight miles every day to take the children to and from their lessons — in time for the birth of his fourth child, Johnny, on May 29, 1950.

The boy grew up street wise. "I'd go out the door and not be home till late. I never took ballet or violin lessons. But I learned a lot. I learned to fend for myself." He lived his teens in the heady Sixties, absorbing that time's awareness of rock music, mood-altering drugs and casual sex. When he was 15, he and his gang formed a rock group. They called themselves The Five Synns (it was going to be Sins, until one of their number found out that synn meant "we" in Gaelic). Dalton taught himself drumming by watching bands on television and tapping out the rhythms with his hands. His father bought him a used set of drums at a second-hand store for \$50, an event he looks back on as an important turning point in his life.

At first, it was a wonderful time. The band played "nice" high school dances, "and I had money in my back pocket, \$25 or \$30 a night. In St. John's, then, that was a lot." When he was 17, he bought a dream car, a hardly used MGB in British Racing Green. "There were girls clambering all over it. I was all set." At one of the dances he met and fell in love with Cass, a pretty blonde. There was no hint of the misery to come.

But when he was 18 and she was 16, Cass became pregnant. Dalton dropped out of Memorial University, where he was in the second year of a general arts course, to go to work. Meanwhile, The Five Synns had broken up. He started freelancing with groups in local clubs, and getting to know a style of life that was anything but nice. "I learned a lot about women and drugs, but mainly, strangely, about humanity. You'd look at the couples on the floor below and you'd see a lot . . . He'd get a little drunk and she'd start looking at some guy across the room . . . I saw a lot of unhappiness in people."

Through a friend, a fellow musician, he got a job as "office junior" in the mail room of CBN, the St. John's CBC radio station, worked hard, and was promoted to van driver. In November, 1969, he married Cass, and their son, Jason, was born three months later. They lived for a while in an apartment, then bought



Dalton and wife, Moya: "It was, literally, love at first sight"

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## MEDIA

a three-bedroom bungalow in the west-end neighborhood where Dalton grew up. He spent many a night, in that winter of his marriage, with a friend, a guitarist who worked as a technician for CBN, learning how to operate the control board. Soon he could do it himself, and got a summer relief job as a technician. The following year he became a full-time technician.

He did well, in several respects. About that time, CBN was developing current affairs programming, and Dalton would contribute ideas for the morning show *Newfoundland Today*. He had an ear for the off-beat story, and he impressed the local management.

But he was abusing his personal life, sowing the seeds of his pain. "I was playing too hard," he remembers. "I wasn't spending enough time at home with Cass and Jason." One night he came home late, and he knew something was very wrong as soon as he shut the front door and it made a peculiarly hollow echo. "It was the sound of missing furniture. The crib was gone." He recalls Christmas of 1973 as the bleakest time of his life. "I'll never forget waking up on Christmas morning and thinking, 'What am I here for?'" He drank a lot. Then, with the coming of Lent, he had a religious experience. "I said to myself, 'You may as well pick up the cards and start living again, or you'll be a drunk the rest of your life.'" He gave up drinking for Lent (to this day, he doesn't take a drink during the 40 days and nights of the fasting season), and started going to church on Sundays. As a boy, when he sang in a Church of England choir, he hated Sunday. Now he loved it. "It was the one day of the week I was at peace with myself. And things started to get better."

In the summer, Moya Walsh, a dark-haired "sweet young thing" seven years his junior, came to CBN on summer relief as a production assistant. "It was, literally, love at first sight." (They married, after his divorce from Cass, six years later.) And that fall he got a job as a producer on *Radio Noon*. A year later, he took over *Newfoundland Today*, renamed it *The Morning Show*, and began making a reputation as an innovative, controversial broadcaster.

One morning, he persuaded a reluctant Premier Frank Moores to come to the studio and talk, on a two-way, ship-to-shore radio hookup, with sealing skippers beleaguered by Greenpeace activists who were spraying the seal pups with green paint, rendering their pelts useless. "You've got to help us Mr. Premier," Skipper Morrissey Johnson pleaded on Dalton's show that morning. Moores promised he would, and that was the beginning of government regulation of the seal hunt.

But Dalton's forte was entertainment



rather than current affairs, a fact demonstrated by his outstanding work as a variety and drama producer on *Radio Arts*. He made a cause of encouraging local talent, the bright but untried people from Codco and the like. His major triumph was *The Newfie Bullet*. Two hour-long episodes of the show on the national network were hits with the listeners as well as the CBC brass.

Nevertheless, it still came as a surprise when, immediately after responding to the call to Toronto in the fall of 1981, he was asked to fill the vacancy at the *Royal Canadian Air Farce* left by the promotion of its veteran producer, Keith Duncan, to an administrative job. Under Dalton's guidance, the show has picked up three Actra awards in the past two years. And its traditional irreverence for all things sacred to the Canadian mosaic has matured to the point where it delivers the once-pussyfooted Newfie Joke with frequency and aplomb. (Indeed, the theme of the 10th anniversary broadcast, shortly before Christmas, was an American invasion of Newfoundland, mistaken by Ronald Reagan for a banana republic.) Last year Dalton was also given Allan McFee's *Eclectic Circus* and *The Max Ferguson Show*. They are all doing splendidly.

Dalton refuses to take any credit for all this. He works with tried and true professionals, he says, because Moya, a producer with the national current affairs television program, *The Journal*, works 12-hour days. "We live, breathe and sleep the CBC."

But others, who work closely with him, discern more telling qualities.

Ron Solloway, head of Variety, and the man who first hired Dalton as a network producer, says: "He has just the right eccentricity of temperament to handle Allan McFee and the *Air Farce* people. You have to be a rather good amateur psychiatrist for the job. So far, I've had no complaints from the patients."

Don Ferguson of the *Air Farce* credits Dalton with restoring the troupe — which has had its "ups and downs" — to "a happy family." That, he says, is of crucial importance. "Comedy is very delicate, a soufflé, if you like. If the atmosphere isn't pleasant it won't work."

Ferguson has become a close personal friend. "Johnny," he says, "has a bit of the Devil in him." His devilment extends to playing scary pranks on Moya. She'll come home from work and there'll be no sign of him; then she'll open a closet and out he'll pop like a jack-in-the-box.

But there's the soft-hearted Dalton too, the one who gives all the money in his pockets to wandering derelicts. "He'll go out of his way," says Roger Abbott, the boss of the *Air Farce*, who has also become a close acquaintance, "to buy thoughtful little gifts for his friends."

At 33, Dalton, the street-wise kid

from St. John's, has come a long way. He is liked and admired and happily married. He is at the top of his profession. He is prosperous, lives in a cosy apartment in an old mansion in the fashionable Toronto suburb of Rosedale, and drives a gold 1973 Jaguar XJ12 with fine wood trim. He is on good terms now with his former wife, Cass, and spends holidays with his 14-year-old boy, Jason.

But is he happy?

"I have the best job in Canada," he says. "Who else goes to work and laughs all day? I never wake up and say, 'Oh God, it's Monday morning.' " But then: "How many days this last summer did I want to heave a little bobber out in a little lake and watch the sonuvabitch dip.

Just even to do that . . ."

His dream is to move, in a few years, to a small gentleman's farm close to Halifax or St. John's, a place where the quality of life is such that "you don't call the cops when your kid isn't home by six o'clock." And to run the local CBC radio station and encourage the local talent for the rest of his life.

He dreams about that life a lot, sometimes while he takes long walks of an evening in Rosedale, waiting for Moya to finish work. He doesn't often walk downtown, where one is apt to bump into people who have abandoned their dreams.

"I don't like to see the unhappiness down there," he says.



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MASTERFILE

## Open season on the world's largest caribou herd

*Newfoundland's decision to let sports hunters loose on Labrador's caribou may wipe out a race of people as well as animals*

**W**hen four Innu hunters stood trial in Sheshashit, Labrador, last January for possessing caribou outside a legal hunting ground, hundreds of supporters crammed into the local high school gymnasium to watch, and native groups across the border on Quebec's north shore demonstrated in sympathy. A provincial wildlife officer had swooped down on the hunters by helicopter, and, after searching their camp, seized what turned out to be the only evidence of any illegal hunt: Two bones. Witnesses testified, however, that the Innu use caribou bones as tools, and the men were acquitted in a day. But one lawyer sees the prosecution of the hunters as evidence of the Newfoundland government harassing the province's natives.

The case is especially galling, in light of the government's decision a month earlier to open up the George River caribou herd to non-Labradorian sports hunters. It made the decision without consulting natives, though Culture and Recreation Minister Len Simms, when he announced the plan, admitted the caribou are "vitally important to native people and Labrador residents as a source of essential food, recreation, traditional and historical ties with the land, and spiritual refreshment." And, says Liberal MHA Garfield Warren, Premier Brian Peckford had introduced a resolution in the House supporting aboriginal rights in the province just a week before Simms made the plan public. "There's something screwy," Warren says. "The left hand doesn't know what the right hand is doing." The hunt will "wipe out a race of people," he warns, as well as the caribou.

The George River herd grew from 5,000 to 300,000 animals in about 30 years. It's the world's largest, and still growing by about 36,000 a year. In 1982 the Newfoundland government commissioned Omnifax Research Ltd. of St. John's to study the feasibility of a sports

hunt, and concluded the herd could withstand losing more than the 10,000 to 12,000 animals now shot every year. Hunters in Quebec, which set up a sports hunt several years ago, take about three-quarters of the annual harvest as the herd migrates through the north of that province. The hunt there created 400 outfitting and other related jobs, Simms says, and pumps \$15 million into the local economy. And, he claims, a similar hunt in Labrador would mean about 200 seasonal and permanent jobs, and earn \$5 million for the province. But Greg Penashue, president of the Naskaupi-Montagnais Innu Association, says though the herd *could* safely stand thinning, the government chose the wrong method. "I think it is necessary for the government to do that [thin the herd], but I don't think they know what they're talking about. Money is not the answer to everything." Besides, he adds, though the government has promised limits on the hunt, "there'll be a lot more caribou killed than the scientists say."

August Andersen, executive director of the Labrador Inuit Association, admits the sports hunt will create jobs for guides, but says he hasn't much confidence in it as a way to control the herd. The province should have consulted the group about plans for the caribou, he says. "It's time the government realized we are an organization. I don't think it's fair, and I think they should have negotiated with us first. I agree we've got to start using our resources to make money, but we've also got to make use of it for future generations, not just slaughter the animals. There are times you've got to leave them alone."

Andersen now travels about 100 miles from his home in Nain, Labrador's most northerly settlement, to meet the herd as it crosses the border from Quebec. After months without meat, he says, the hunters can't wait for the caribou to move closer before setting out. Though he

doesn't believe the sports hunters will decimate the herd, he does fear the planes and helicopters they'll likely use to reach the animals will frighten them, scattering the caribou away from Nain. That'll mean longer treks for the hunters, and higher costs for such expenses as gas for Ski-Doos. The Innu Association's Penashue claims that caribou haven't migrated in two years to Goose Bay, where the German Air Force holds low-flying exercises. "And it's going to get worse," he warns, "if the government allows hunters to go in with planes and helicopters just to get the head and antlers of the caribou. We don't see ourselves as destroying the caribou the way sports hunters do."

Culture and Recreation Minister Simms says complaints the government didn't consult natives for the study, and concerns the hunt will destroy their way of life are "foolishness," and "absolutely without foundation." Researchers did seek opinions from interest groups, he insists, but didn't directly approach native groups. That suggests the Inuit will have little say in wildlife management if and when outstanding land claims are settled, says Judy Rowell, LIA's environment adviser. "The hunt isn't going to really affect the health of the herd," she says, "but the decision has very serious ramifications. The implications it has for land claims and the Inuit's role in management is the key issue."

The province now permits natives to hunt only to feed themselves, not sell the meat they catch. However, Warren argues that the government could have created jobs and exploited the herd by letting the Innu and Inuit set up a butchering and retail outlet for the meat, thus giving Labradorians a first crack at the caribou. Only 23% of people in the region ate caribou last year, he says. "The government could have tried to set up some sort of commercial hunt that would be beneficial to Labrador's people first," Warren says. "Then they could be benefiting from what's theirs, from what they themselves own." The government is still considering such a plan, Simms says, and he insists the setup would not be incompatible with the sports hunt.

The Department of Development is aiming for a market in northeastern United States, but the first sports hunters won't likely get a shot at Labrador caribou before the fall hunting season next year. It'll be that long, Simms says, before proper outfitting businesses are set up. But, Rowell points out, though the department is developing criteria and seeking proposals for outfitters' camps, the Inuit, for one, have not been asked for a submission.

For now, the Inuit Association is preparing a petition to protest the sports hunt, though August Andersen isn't sure what difference it'll make. "We can certainly try to make some difference. We're going to do all we can." — **Rachelle Henderson**





PHOTOS BY STEVE BEHAL

## Two preachers from Pictou

*One MacDonald's a headline grabber; the other's a quiet administrator. But both are farmers' sons from the same Presbyterian stronghold, and together, they're spiritual leaders to more than a million Canadians*

By Harry Bruce

**A**round the time in September that millions of TV viewers are watching Pope John Paul II tour Halifax in his "Popemobile," two stalwarts of Protestantism will head for home in Pictou County, N.S., on an unsung pilgrimage of their own. Though unrelated, they are both MacDonalds, and "home" is the Green Hill neighborhood in the heart of the county that itself was once the raging heart of Scottish Presbyterianism in the New World.

The Rt. Rev. W. Clarke MacDonald, 63, is moderator of the United Church of Canada which, with a membership (declining) of 891,975, remains the biggest Protestant denomination in the country; and he comes from Green Hill, now a village of roughly 200. The hill itself rises to 240 m, and by local standards that makes it a mountain. The Rev. Donald C. MacDonald, 67, sometimes known as "The Other MacDonald," is moderator of the 109th General Assembly of the Presbyterian

Church of Canada, with a membership (also declining) of 163,474; and he comes from Sylvester, which is roughly 3 km from Green Hill village, and is now so small Donald MacDonald doubts if it rates even a sign on the road.

The eminence of the two MacDonalds may be seen in the fact that last December — when Prime Minister Trudeau held a dinner for 10 church leaders at his official residence — Donald sat at his left elbow and Clarke at his right. The churchmen were in Ottawa to support Trudeau's peace initiative, though Clarke MacDonald had publicly challenged Trudeau for failing to ban the testing in Canada of the U.S. cruise missile.

By tradition, United Church moderators are headline-grabbers, and Clarke honors that tradition in spades. Calling himself an "unashamed evangelical and an unrepentant social activist," he says, "There's only one gospel, and it combines personal faith and social outrage." Christians, he insists, must not "sit up

Clarke MacDonald (left) and Donald MacDonald

in the gallery of life and look down on the arena where men and women are working and playing and living and swearing and loving and birthing and dying." The faith must come out from behind oak doors and stained glass. Christians without passion for social issues are "like a set of bagpipes without wind."

Donald MacDonald is a quieter sort, a good administrator, something of a church lawyer. He rose in Presbyterian circles not by enlightened grandstanding but by improving the efficiency of the General Assembly. Ceaseless public haranguing about social injustice is not his style, and it's not really his church's style either. Without knocking Clarke — the two MacDonalds have profound respect for each other — he suggests the United Church has long been "more socialistically minded than we were." It's important, he believes, to work away privately "to make Christians out of the politicians." He recalls telling Trudeau, "I don't see why we don't use the United Nations more, instead of having the two great powers thinking they can control everyone's destinies."

Oddly, the two MacDonalds first met only after their careers had landed them in Toronto. Clarke had come from the northwest side of the hill, Donald from the southeast side. To paraphrase an old pop song, one was from the morning side



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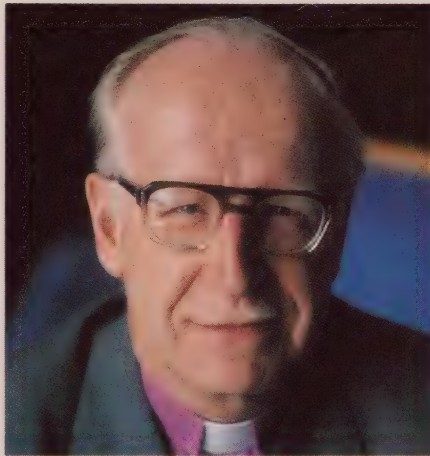
## COVER STORY

of the mountain and the other was from the twilight side of the hill. Moreover, Clarke's father was Tory and United Church, while Donald's was Grit and Presbyterian. What Clarke and Donald had in common was the fact that each of their fathers was an old MacDonald who had a farm, and all the churchy history of Pictou County. Right down to 1925, when the Methodists, Congregationalists and some Presbyterians got together to form the United Church of Canada, the county was overwhelmingly Presbyterian. Before Church Union, the Presbyterians there outnumbered all others two to one. Even now, six decades after the furious, family-splitting debates over Church Union, Pictou Presbytery still boasts more than 5,200 of what were once known as "continuing Presbyterians."

"My father was Presbyterian," Donald MacDonald says, "and my uncle Henry was for the United Church, and they used to argue for hours. I was just a boy. I'd sit on the floor and listen." Only last summer, he was visiting a brother in Pictou town when he noticed a handsome, grey-haired chap on the street. "He looked familiar," Donald says, "so I introduced myself. It was the Hon. George Hees, and he was campaigning door-to-door for Brian Mulroney. Mr. Hees is an Anglican. He'd noticed three big, beautiful, stone churches in New Glasgow, and they were all Presbyterian, but he said the Anglican church wasn't much more than a little wooden shed. Well, I laughed, and I said, 'That's the way it is in Pictou County, Mr. Hees. Anglicans don't amount to much around here.'"

Donald is a direct descendant of a Highlander who arrived at Pictou in 1773 aboard the *Hector*, the first immigrant ship from Scotland; and in the boyhood of both MacDonalds the county ceaselessly bragged not only about its Scottish origins but also about its reputation as an exporter of brains, coal and clergymen. By the First World War, the county had produced no fewer than 326 clergymen, 190 doctors, 63 lawyers, 40 professors, eight college presidents, two lieutenant-governors, two premiers, a chief justice, and countless politicians, scientists, business leaders and journalists. Clarke MacDonald recalls that, when he was too young to know about speechwriters, he heard John Bracken, later national leader of the Tories, rhyme off similar figures during a political speech in Pictou County, "and I marvelled that a man from Ontario knew so much about Pictou."

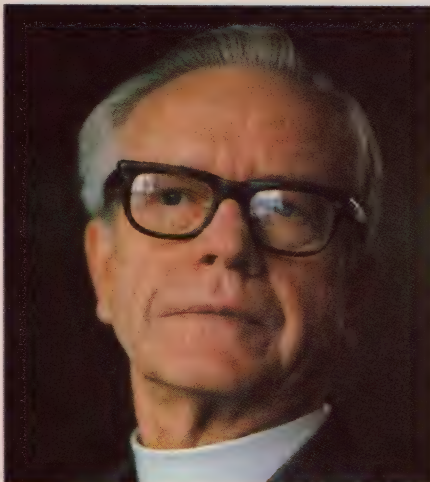
But Pictou's more accomplished sons weren't merely clever, they were also moral. "These worthies of Pictou County," Rev. J.P. MacPhie wrote in 1914, "afford a cheering assurance that our Dominion's destiny is to excel in all



Clarke MacDonald: "Faith and social outrage"

which makes a nation's truest life — purposeful culture, guided by sanctified conscience." Moreover, MacPhie added piously, "one does not have to apologize for blots and stains in their lives, as an American must do for Poe, an Englishman for Byron, or a Scotsman for Burns." Within a few miles of Green Hill were the sites of the first Presbyterian college in Canada, and the first Christian Sunday school in the world. Pictou Presbyterians were the first colonists in the British Empire to send a missionary overseas, and the first to send cash to a Bible society in London. The two MacDonalds, in short, grew up in a countryside that, for more than a century, had had an ample supply of those who were holier than thou, and thou, and thou.

One of six sons of a dairy farmer who, for a time, managed the Pictou County Dairy, Donald knew even as a boy that he wanted to be a clergyman, and he practised pulpit skills by preaching to cows. But money for his education was scarce: "I don't think father saw \$200 a year." In Donald's last year at the famous Pictou Academy (whose patron saint, as it were, had been Thomas McCulloch, a Scottish Presbyterian, of course), he won a \$50 prize.



Public haranguing's not Donald's style

He borrowed a bit more from a bank and enrolled at Acadia University, Wolfville, where he waited on tables. In summers, he preached in rural communities for \$8 a week, plus room and board, "mostly salt herring and blue, Irish, cobbler potatoes." He got his BA in 1939, and in '42, graduated from Presbyterian College in Montreal. He served his ordained missionary year at a cavernous wooden church at Gairloch, back home in Pictou County. "I was supposed to fill that big church," he says, "but I never got more than about 70 in there. I recently went back, as moderator, and 500 came out."

Before that satisfying return to Gairloch, he'd spent four decades in presbyteries in New Brunswick and southern Ontario. He takes a powerful interest in ecumenical affairs, and abhors inter-church rivalry: "We can't afford to spend money to build different churches on the four corners of an intersection just to promote our own denominations. We don't need to be competing with one another. Yes, I'll stick with my Presbyterianism because I think it's the most democratic, but if others want our bread and wine, which we call the body of Christ, they're certainly welcome."

As the only Canadian on the executive of the World Alliance of Reformed Churches, he recently visited Cairo. Conditions there horrified him. "Cairo's population is 12 million," he says, "and it's increasing at a tremendous rate. They have no more land to grow food. Every place you go someone's got a hand out. You see a bundle of clothes, and you wonder why someone's thrown clothes away as garbage. Then you see two feet sticking out.... Canada just doesn't know how good it's having it."

Clarke MacDonald recalls Green Hill as "a tight little community where you were taught that as long as the King was on the throne of England and God was a Presbyterian then everything would work out all right." The people were upright Christians, and "I remember hoping I'd grow up to be as good as them." His parents practised "applied Christianity. Theirs was not a one-day-a-week religion. If it didn't have application all week, then forget it.... And I never heard them complain, not even during the Depression. Dad was never a griping farmer. If something was worth griping about, he did something about it. He was a pioneer in the co-operative buying of feed and fertilizer, and that didn't make him too popular with local entrepreneurs." His mother's piety was "genuine, not superficial." Her background had been Methodist, and it was partly from 19th-century Methodists in Britain that the United Church inherited the evangelistic fervor about social reform that Clarke MacDonald feels to this day.

When he was four, an older brother



## COVER STORY

went off to school for the first time. Clarke followed him, knocked on the schoolhouse door, asked the teacher to let his brother out to play. After she refused, he threw stones at the windows. "Some people say that proves I started knocking the establishment early," he laughs. One of his earliest inklings about the glory of social concern came from neither Presbyterian, nor Methodist, nor United Church adherent but from a Roman Catholic. Clarke was nine, and his father took him to a farmers' meeting to hear the legendary Father Moses Michael Coady, leader of the Antigonish Movement.

"There was this tall young priest," Clarke says. "He wasn't forbidding but he was imposing. He had deep conviction-

faction-ridden, back-biting and bloody-minded religions in all Christendom. Internal warfare among the Presbyterians sometimes amazed the Catholics, and this ancient cantankerousness infected even the debates of the early Twenties that led up to the formation of the church Clarke MacDonald would one day head.

He graduated from Pine Hill Divinity Hall, Halifax, in 1943, then spent 15 years in Cape Breton pastorates. In Sydney, he launched a program of "industrial evangelism" to show workers the church had not abandoned them in a time of mine closures and layoffs. In an early expression of his distrust for big corporations, he said, "The Sydney steel plant is controlled from Montreal, and ultimately from England. Company policy is to reduce its importance. They just don't want to expand jobs." Nowadays, his chief obsession is promoting nuclear disarmament and peace: "I walk and work and pray for peace."

Donald MacDonald believes Christianity "is still a mighty power in the world, but we'll need all our energy to save us from destruction."

He'll get no argument from Clarke MacDonald on that score. "Our military expenditures are an affront to God," he says, "and may be the prelude to the death march for this part of the universe." He calls nuclear weapons "hellish instruments of megadeath." He's chairman of Project Ploughshares, a multi-church coalition to promote nuclear disarmament. He's joined a peace mission to Moscow; marched with 750,000 anti-nuclear demonstrators in New York; sailed aboard a mission boat off Washington state to blockade a U.S. Trident nuclear submarine; and along with considerably younger protesters outside Litton Systems Canada, Ltd., makers of guidance systems for the cruise missile, he's endured pro-nuclear demonstrators' taunts ("Moscow loves you... youthful idiots"). To those who call him a peacenik, he replies, "Yes, I'm on the side of peace. I want today's babies to grow up." He has horrified congregations with the news that radiation from nuclear tests in France has caused women to give birth to "jellyfish babies."

But peace and weapons are far from the only issues that arouse Clarke's fighting concern. Ever since 1961 when he left Cape Breton to take over a church in a seedy, gloomy, wino-infested section

of downtown Toronto, ever since 1962 when he first set up a soapbox in the park across from his church and preached to drunks, prostitutes and anyone else who'd listen, Clarke MacDonald has been using his passionate concern about social injustice and his phrase-making flair to make headlines for God. Thus, Labatts, Molson and Carling O'Keefe are "the unholy alliance of Canada's booze trinity," and government should nationalize the whole liquor industry and funnel the profits into the curing of alcoholics. Thus, South Africa is "like a beautiful body with a virus in its bloodstream, and that virus is apartheid." Thus, news of test-tube babies caused him to ask, "Are we going to arrive at a rent-a-womb society?" Thus, "If the cries of the tortured in prisons could be funnelled westward from the corner of King and Yonge, their velocity and power would topple the CN Tower." Thus, Toronto built the Roy Thomson Hall, at a cost of \$40 million, but although one could hear "the softest note from a piccolo in any part of that hall," the city "can't hear the cries of the unfortunate."

He says, "I've always looked on words as tools. If your hammer handle is cracked or your saw is dull, then it's not a good tool. Words have to be finely honed and I spend some time at that sort of thing." When the press has sought comment on controversies about human rights, native rights, homosexuals' rights, government bailouts of corporations, government cuts in social services, the economy, immigrants, refugees, battered wives, divorce, unemployment, prison reform, Quebec separatism or excessively zealous raids by police, Clarke MacDonald has invariably been ready, aye, ready with honed words. At the height of the Watergate scandal, he said President Richard Nixon was either "a fool or a liar." Nixon had ended a speech with "God bless America and God bless you all." MacDonald didn't like that: "I would rather see a person running the country who was an honest unbeliever than someone who is a hypocritical believer."

His positions are often far enough to the left that he's felt obliged to say his church is "not the NDP church.... When I sit down to apply the gospel, it never occurs to me to ask, 'What does the NDP say about this?'" Not everyone, even in the United Church, approves of his evangelism-politics, but no one doubts his integrity, sincerity or faith. He and Donald MacDonald, unlike Nixon perhaps, are clearly honest believers. They'll both be retired moderators when they walk together in Pictou County late this summer. What else will they do there? Well, in a county that was not always known for its religious unity, these two affable and deeply Christian gents will demonstrate their oneness in Christ. Green Hill may be forgiven a surge of that deadly sin, pride.

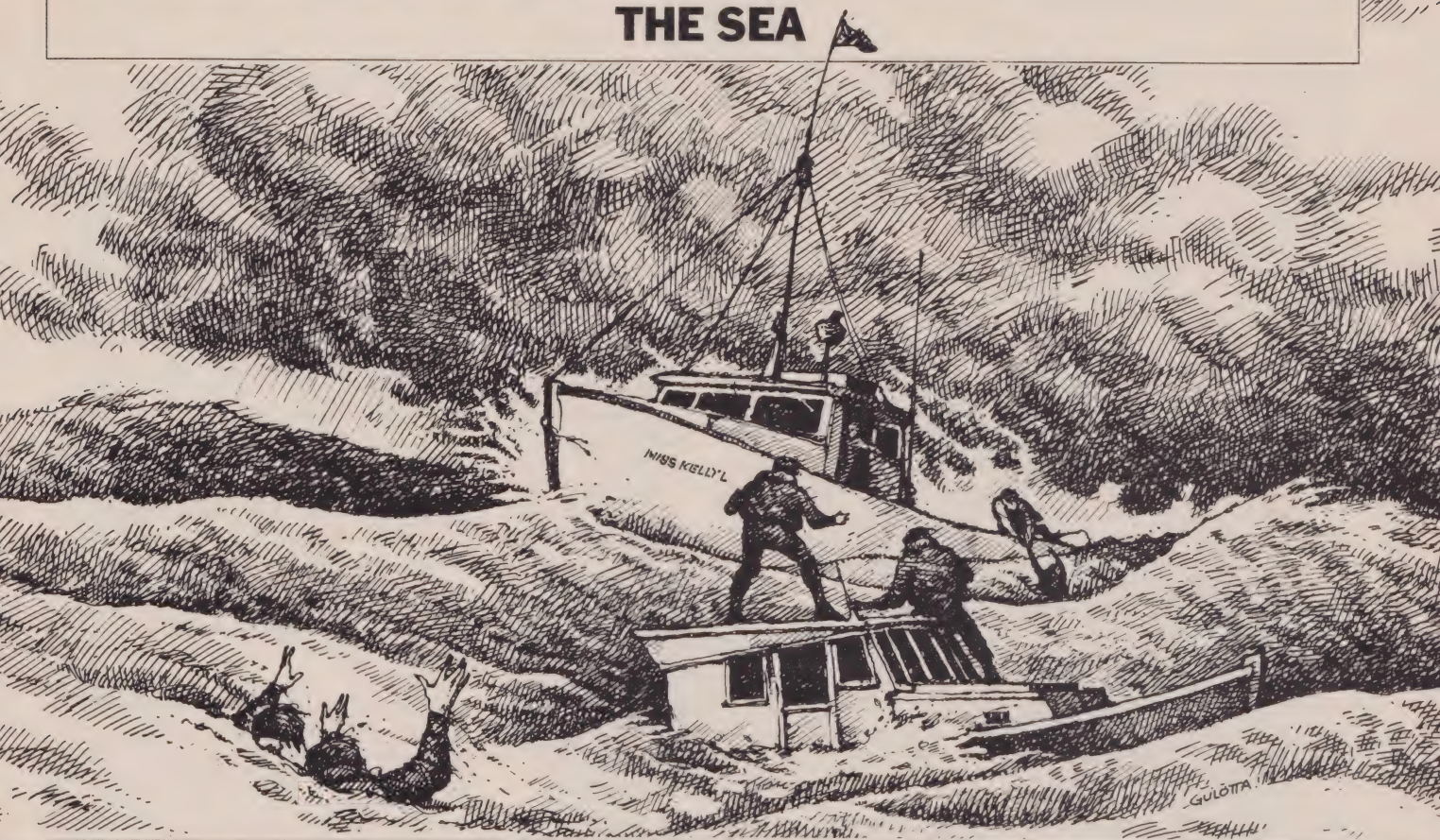


Clarke addresses anti-nuclear protesters outside Litton Systems

tions and a strong will, and he was talking about how the farmers and fishermen were being shafted by the magnates and central Canada. He was calling on them to band together to get their hands on the levers that controlled their destiny, and I was very impressed." More than half a century later, Clarke MacDonald firmly supported the Catholic bishops of Canada after their controversial statement on the economy had upset businessmen and politicians.

Commenting on his backing the bishops, the New Glasgow *Evening News* suggested the main difference between the Protestants of Pictou County and the Catholics of Antigonish County was "the hour at which they left home to worship on a Sunday morning.... So it isn't surprising in the least, to us in Pictou County, that [the Bishop of Antigonish] is finding support from the man who grew up in the lee of Green Hill.... The two, in many respects, are 'like peas in a pod' in keeping with the old tradition. They know their duty in these times, and they won't shirk." Historically, the Catholics and Protestants of northeastern Nova Scotia had indeed been amiable neighbors. What the *Evening News* neglected to explain, however, was that 19th-century Presbyterianism in Pictou County had been among the most





## The sinking of the *Thisisit*

*On July 22, 1983, the 42-foot fishing vessel Thisisit sank in a fierce storm off the east coast of Prince Edward Island. Miraculously, the five people on board survived. This is their story*

By Elaine Hammond

**V**ictor Gosbee almost drowned once before. He had been working on the engine of his fishing boat. On his way to shore, he jumped onto the bow of a boat moored beside his, blacked out and fell into the harbor. His brother happened to glance down from the wharf, saw Gosbee floating beneath the surface and pulled him out.

Gosbee, a 35-year-old fisherman from Murray Harbour on the east coast of Prince Edward Island, believes God has a plan for each of us. "When your time's up, that's it," he says. "If it isn't, you've got nothing to worry about."

There was nothing ominous in the marine forecast when Gosbee got up at 3:45 a.m. on July 22, 1983: "Wind SE 10 to 15 knots, backing to NW 15 to 25 by late afternoon." When he got down to the wharf in Murray Harbour, other boats had already left. There would be five aboard his four-year-old boat, *Thisisit*, that day: Gosbee, Merle Munn, 45, a seasoned fisherman who owned some of the equipment on board, and 22-year-old Sonny Flagler. They took on two passengers: 13-year-old Darren

Marten who liked to help out, and his 12-year-old cousin, Jody White. White hadn't told his parents he was going. They thought he was home, safe in bed.

The 42-foot craft headed out of Murray Harbour, around Cape Bear and south toward Nova Scotia. Gosbee had hand-built his open-decked, wooden boat and painted it purple. It had a cabin with a stove, sink, table and two bunks. It cruised at seven to 10 knots and it carried eight lifejackets, but no liferaft.

Gosbee's 18 nets were set eight or nine miles out in the Northumberland Strait. He had to get to them because he hadn't gone out the day before. It had been blowing fairly hard then and, always cautious, he'd gone down to the wharf three times before deciding it wasn't safe to go out. The catch was still out there and if he didn't pick it up soon, the fish would spoil.

By 7 a.m. the wind, still from the southeast, increased to a little over 20 knots, already as strong as had been forecast for the afternoon. Gosbee often fished on days like this. The wind grew stronger as the morning wore on, reaching about 33 knots, and shifting to the

northeast. Gosbee and his crew were busy hauling nets. They barely noticed.

Wheaton Gosbee, Victor's father, had lived all his life on the east coast of Prince Edward Island and had been a fisherman for most of it. Now in his first season of retirement he went down to the wharf to see if the boats were coming in. It was almost 2 p.m.

When Wheaton got to the wharf most of the boats were in — but not the *Thisisit*. The fishermen told him it was getting rough, especially around the Cape. A few minutes later, Wheaton asked Ken Nicolle, another experienced fisherman, to radio the Coast Guard.

On board the *Thisisit*, the crew, with three nets left to haul, decided to go in. The men weren't worried but, when it blew like this, it made sense to go home. Gosbee took up a floor board in the cabin. Now he could see into the hold to check for water coming in.

At 2:15 p.m., Coast Guard 101 at Souris, about 30 miles by sea north of Cape Bear, got the radio message that the *Thisisit* was overdue. At 2:42 p.m., 101 notified the Rescue Coordination Centre in Halifax, and at 2:55 p.m. the centre asked 101 to proceed to the rescue. At 3 p.m. a message was sent to all ships requesting information on the location of the fishing boat and 22 minutes later the 413 Rescue Squadron at the Canadian Forces Base in Summerside was asked to search the area with an airplane and a helicopter. But the aircraft were already out on another mission.

The Coast Guard crew from Souris



## THE SEA

set out in their 44-foot, self-righting life boat. Only two feet longer than the *Thisisit*, it was the oldest of nine similar Coast Guard craft used in the Maritimes and it was due for replacement within two years. Its maximum speed was only 12 knots and in such heavy seas it made little progress.

Usually it took the *Thisisit* an hour to get from the fishing grounds to Cape Bear, but now it took two. It was raining hard and the wind was coming right off the Cape, the worst possible conditions for bringing a boat into the harbor. Murray Harbour has a bar harbor; a spit of sand crosses the mouth creating shoal water that is especially dangerous in high seas.

Gosbee and his crew couldn't decide whether to try to buck the wind around the Cape and go home, only four miles away, or to turn and go with the wind to Wood Islands, about 15 miles southwest. They decided to try for home. The motor was running wide open but, as the boat rose on the crest of each wave they could see they were falling back to sea. They reconsidered. They would turn and run for Wood Islands.

The seas were 15, sometimes 20 feet high. Merle Munn told Gosbee to watch for a chance to turn around without swamping. Waiting to turn, they saw something that frightened them for the first time. A solid wall of water, almost 30 feet high, was bearing down on the bow. None of them had seen anything like it before. There was nothing to do but try to ride it out.

Darren Marten was lying on the floor seasick, but the others stared in stunned fascination as the wall of water slammed into the bow. The five tons of fish on board slid forward about a foot, breaking the bulkheads, the upright partitions that hold the catch in place.

The freak sea enveloped the boat. When the surge had passed, Gosbee looked down through the hole in the cabin floor and saw water part way up the engine. He realized the motor would stall in minutes. It would take at least half an hour to pump out the water. He could see the shore, through the rain, about a mile off the port bow.

Gosbee shouted above the noise of the storm, "We're in trouble now boys! Our only hope is to try to beach her." He radioed an SOS but the batteries were under water so the signal was weak. He learned later that the message was picked up by a man at Guernsey Cove who thought it was sent by children playing with a radio.

Gosbee ordered everyone to grab a lifejacket, then turned the boat directly toward shore. Sonny Flagler and Darren Marten, the only swimmers on board, asked him if they could swim for help. He refused.

As soon as the little craft turned, the next sea lifted her stern so all the water

on board rushed to the bow. Everything in the cabin was submerged, but the water had drained away from the motor which — miraculously — was still running. Normally it ran at 3,400 r.p.m. Now, wide open, it could produce only 2,000.

Gosbee was steering with great difficulty. Heavy equipment in the bow and the weight of the water they had taken on, kept the boat's nose down in the heavy seas. Everyone was tense but calm. Ten minutes after they turned, when they were just 300 yards from shore, the motor died. The men immediately realized their danger; Marten and Jody White, not seeing any signs of panic, only half-guessed the extent of their peril.

Gosbee swiftly organized his crew. Flagler began forking the five tons of fish overboard while the young boys tried to lighten the bow by throwing over

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***"Gosbee was calm. He was remembering the day he had nearly drowned while working on his boat. He remembered the sense of peace he had felt while floating a foot or two beneath the surface"***

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the stove, dishes, anything loose and light enough for them to lift. Munn bailed with a five-gallon bucket, and Gosbee manned the three pumps — two electric and one gas.

At 3:30 p.m. Gosbee's wife, Grace, got the first of many phone calls that were to make the afternoon a nightmare. The caller told her the Coast Guard had been notified. Later, a second caller told her the Coast Guard wouldn't reach the *Thisisit* for at least three hours, so some local fishing boats were going after him.

Bud Osborne glanced at the clock at 4:20 p.m. when his daughter woke him from a nap to take a call from Ken Nicolle. Osborne, a fisherman for 36 of his 48 years, had been rescued twice. He owned one of the two boats in the area with closed-in decks. The man who owned the other was away. Nicolle didn't think anything but a decked-over boat could make it. And he knew you could depend on Osborne in an emergency.

They met at the wharf five minutes later. Osborne had fuel but he thought he had to go all the way to the fishing grounds so he gambled a few minutes

taking on an extra 50 gallons. They didn't have time to find anyone else to help. It wasn't something Ken talked about much, but he was an epileptic.

Grace Gosbee was hysterical. The phone rang again and again. Someone told her Osborne had gone out, but there wasn't a chance he'd find the missing boat. She was convinced her husband was lost. Their three-year-old son, Joey, kept asking, "What's wrong Mommy?" When she fell to pieces, her mother took the calls. Grace cried — and prayed.

About the time Osborne and Nicolle were starting their search, Daryl White, Jody's uncle, drove to the shore at Guernsey Cove, about five miles from where Gosbee had tried to beach the *Thisisit*. White knew the wind would blow a disabled boat in that direction. There, through the storm and the rain and the mist, he could see the purple boat, now blown about three-quarters of a mile offshore. And he could see it was sinking.

Osborne's wife was using a more powerful radio on land to relay messages between the Coast Guard and Bud. She told him, just after he had reached Cape Bear, that the *Thisisit* had been sighted off Guernsey Cove. Osborne's message for the Coast Guard was, "Tell them we'll look after it."

The wind was blowing at 40 knots, gusting to 50. Gosbee didn't think a boat could reach them. Again and again Flagler and Marten had asked if they could swim to shore. Each time Gosbee told them to stay with the boat. The pumps were going and they were all bailing, but the water kept rising. Gosbee thought they had about five minutes left before the boat would sink.

Marten and Flagler asked again. This time Gosbee said yes. He had to let them go. But as soon as they hit the frigid water and the first 20 foot wave swept over them, he could see Marten wanted to come back. Gosbee grabbed a rope but it was tangled, and by the time he was able to throw it, the boy was out of reach. Gosbee got sick to his stomach.

Clara White, Jody's mother, got off work at Murray Harbour Seafoods at 4:30 p.m. She stopped for groceries on the way home. A woman came into the store carrying an umbrella and laughing about nearly being blown off the bridge. Clara's nephew, who was in the store said, "When you get home, don't use the phone — you're going to get an important call. Victor's boat is missing, and Darren and Jody are on it." Clara White had seen the white-caps in the harbor. She didn't think she'd see her son alive again.

Gosbee was calm. He was remembering the day he had nearly drowned while working on his boat. He remembered the sense of peace he had felt while floating a foot or two beneath the surface. On that day, years ago, he had thought of



his wife and son, of the universal joint he dropped when he fell and how it would take two or three weeks to get another, of whether he should first go down to get it or go up for help. He was only mildly annoyed when he found he couldn't go up.

Sonny Flagler hadn't expected the water to be so cold. They had been standing in water on the boat, but it hadn't been anything like this. He and Darren Marten were hanging onto a highflyer, a Styrofoam buoy equipped with a flag on a pole. They were paddling as hard as they could, and when Flagler looked over his shoulder the boat seemed farther away, but when he looked at the shore, it seemed to be retreating too. The undertow was taking them out from shore and the wind and the seas were taking them away from the *Thisisit*. The turbulence and the foam made it hard to breathe.

Marten asked, "Do you think we'll make it?"

Flagler knew that if Marten panicked and left the highflyer, he'd have to go after him and they'd both be lost. He tried to think of things to say to keep the boy calm.

Gasping for breath in the surging seas, Marten was sure they would both drown. He thought of his mother and father, of the family he was leaving behind.

A crowd was gathering on the shore at Guernsey Cove. Weeping relatives, neighbors and the idly curious, some with binoculars, mingled in the rain, straining to see if the purple boat was still there.

In the rescue boat, Bud Osborne and Ken Nicolle couldn't see land through the heavy rain. Osborne was navigating with radar, keeping the land a mile off. It was dangerous, especially in heavy seas, but he didn't think he had time to take the safer route farther out.

Gosbee could see the swimmers. Every second or third wave swept over them and each time he didn't think he'd see them again.

Twice Jody White looked up at him and in a quivering voice asked, "Do you think we're going to be all right?"

Gosbee answered, "Sure, no problem at all." But the boy knew that Gosbee was praying. He said a few prayers too.

The three non-swimmers on the boat quit bailing. It was useless. Everything was eerily quiet — everything but the wind and the sea. Gosbee sat silently by the pump. Jody White started to cry.

The boat had already stayed afloat longer than they had expected, but they knew it wouldn't last much longer. The men tied some buoys and empty gas tanks to a Styrofoam and plywood bulkhead, and told Jody they would all hang on to that until they reached shore.

Merle Munn knew there would be little chance of them reaching land. He had stripped down to his shorts and Gosbee had one foot over the side when they looked up and saw Bud Osborne's boat.

Gosbee says "That was the prettiest sight I ever saw — that boat coming for us!"

Osborne and Nicolle were surprised to see the *Thisisit*. Nearly level with the water, it hadn't been picked up by their radar. It was blind luck that had led them directly to it. They threw a rope to Gosbee and Munn, who tied it around Jody White, then Osborne and Nicolle hauled the boy through the seas and up over the side of the *Miss Kelly L*. They

Islands. The Coast Guard craft was still three hours from Guernsey Cove.

Taken by ambulance to the hospital, the five survivors were examined and released. They got home around 7 p.m. An hour later Ken Nicolle, reacting to the tension and excitement, had an epileptic seizure.

The *Thisisit* sank without a trace within five minutes of the rescue. The makeshift raft was found two days later

RICHARD FURLONG



Nicolle (left) Gosbee and Osborne, on the rescue boat *Miss Kelly L*

knew they couldn't do the same with the men. Munn weighed more than 250 pounds. Osborne circled to the windward side. When his boat rolled onto the *Thisisit*, Munn and Gosbee jumped aboard from the roof of the cabin, the only part now above water.

Sonny Flagler and Darren Marten knew they weren't going to make it to shore. When Flagler looked over his shoulder the purple boat was gone. He looked again — just the sea and the rain. The third time he looked he saw a boat, not purple but white. Marten hadn't said anything for a long time, but when Flagler told him about the boat, they both headed for it, screaming. They were hauled on board, gasping and trembling with cold and exhaustion.

Osborne radioed his daughter to have an ambulance waiting at Wood Islands. Normally the trip from Guernsey Cove to Wood Islands takes an hour or more. That day, with the wind behind them, it took 20 minutes.

At 5:06 p.m. the Coast Guard was notified the *Kelly L* had rescued the crew of the *Thisisit* and was bound for Wood

about 60 miles from Guernsey Cove.

If Bud Osborne hadn't risked his boat and his life to pick them up, it is unlikely anyone would have survived.

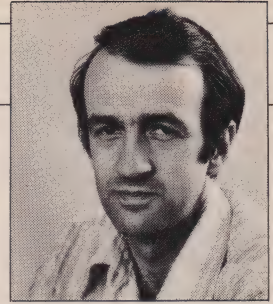
If Wheaton Gosbee hadn't raised an alarm when Victor wasn't in early, the search would have started too late. If Osborne had taken five minutes more to find a third man, he would probably have never seen those in the water with no boat to signal their location. If he'd taken the less dangerous outside route to Guernsey Cove, it would have cost him at least 20 minutes. If Victor Gosbee hadn't acted on impulse the day before and given his motor a thorough tuneup, it would likely have stopped when it first got wet. If the crew had stopped bailing five minutes earlier, Bud Osborne might have steamed by a submerged boat. If Ken Nicolle had suffered from a seizure during the rescue, Osborne wouldn't have been able to look after everyone at once.

Victor Gosbee named his new boat the *Second Chance*.

His faith is stronger than ever. He has no plans to learn to swim. ☒



# Farewell, Pierre. Our Tory premiers won't be the same without a Liberal like you



**N**ow that Pierre Trudeau is on his way out the full, shocking, lurid truth about Pierre and these Atlantic provinces can be told. A deception of titanic magnitude can now be unveiled, a tale of love disguised as hate and vice versa, a tale of twisted loyalties, muffled screams, and political bodies thumping to the floor.

Like English gentlemen having tea and crumpets while spying for the Russians, the agents of this subterfuge operated under the patina of east coast courtesy and reserve. You, the public, poor saps, didn't suspect a thing.

The awful truth is this: The four Atlantic premiers, Tories all, are moles for Pierre (although one of them, the impetuous Brian Peckford, attempted a double-cross and is paying the ex-cruciating price — slowly).

Publicly they denounced Pierre as the Evil One, destroyer of provinces, giver of the finger. This was their cover. Privately they did his bidding. He, in turn, coddled them, kept them in power. He did this by cynically brutalizing his own provincial Grits nearly to the point of extinction. Another term of Pierre and the only provincial Liberal left on these shores would have been stuffed and mounted in Richard Hatfield's den.

But now there's terror in provincial Tory hearts, the kind of fright that accompanies the collapse of empires. The implications of the disappearance of Pierre are awesome. It means that any morning now — assuming it's the morning after a provincial election — you may wake to find daubed all over the map of your province the insistent hues of crimson Grit where once there was only the Tory blue of the Queen's Navy.

That the jig was up was evident immediately after Pierre quit. This was especially so in Nova Scotia. Amid all the "end of an era" platitudes there were some revelations. John Buchanan, after evoking the standard cover — "We had our political differences" — went on to say this: "Over the years I found him very personable." Personable? Pierre — a nice guy? In all your born days have you ever heard anyone call Trudeau "personable"? This man Buchanan was hurting, no doubt about it.

But the real story has to do with Sandy Cameron, the Nova Scotia Liberal leader. In late February, Cameron's can-

didate hobbled through the finish line, an anemic third in a byelection in Kings South. The gritch-gritch sound of knife-to-grindstone was heard through the woodwork back of the opposition benches; sinister shadows moved behind the arras. Cameron headed for the party's annual meeting a week later, bleeding.

Then Trudeau quit. Thirteen hundred delegates had been expected but 2,000 showed up. Delirious Grits traipsed up and down the red plush of the Hotel Nova Scotian, dodging TV wires, pressing the flesh of federal Liberal leadership hopefuls and chirping about the dawn of a new age, a glorious Liberal morn. The knives were put away and Cameron found new life.

It was not so, you'll remember, for

*"Another term of Pierre and the only provincial Liberal left on these shores would have been stuffed and mounted in Richard Hatfield's den"*

another Liberal leader, the hapless Joe Daigle, who caught it full in the ribs one chill New Brunswick day after the 1978 provincial election; nor for the man who did it to him, one Doug Young, who in turn beat a hasty retreat after the 1982 New Brunswick election debacle before a proper bead could be drawn on him. All this was Pierre's doing. In 1978, Richard Hatfield won by one measly seat when he clearly should have lost. Like the gods of ancient mythology who were always meddling in human affairs, Pierre was there in phantom form to protect his man. With his aloof arrogance, his wage and price controls, his rising unemployment, his finger in the air, he kept the voters so infuriated that they could think of nothing else but to beat up on provincial Grits in retaliation. It was brilliant while it worked.

As Pierre's agents, the premiers carried off their role marvellously. They supported bilingualism, constitutional

reform, Canadian unity. They grouched, of course, as they had to — but not at Himself; rather, they let loose at Allan MacEachen, Marc Lalonde or some other practised receiver of flak. It was all rigged.

In exchange for their loyalty, rich gifts were made to the premiers — notably the National Energy Policy, the main benefit of which has been drilling for oil and gas off the east coast. The extent of the disaster that has now befallen us can be seen in the fact that this natural gem has to be safeguarded against the depredation of the common enemy — the federal Tories. Things have come to such a pass that Energy Minister Jean Chrétien and John Buchanan were hobnobbing quite openly this winter to make sure the Canada-Nova Scotia agreement was well fixed in law before the unspeakable Brian Mulroney takes over in Ottawa.

Yet, as earlier mentioned, the scheme foundered somewhat on the jagged rocks of Newfoundland. Brian Peckford, having received the gift, wanted more. He wanted the offshore well-nigh to the Flemish Cap. He spat and hissed at his benefactors with patent ingratitude.

One, of course, does not toy with the big boys and get away with it. A fate worse than death befell the poor soul — a slow grinding, the screw of the garrotte turning ever so slowly, aimed at driving insane before it kills. Unilateral federal action was taken on this and that; the offshore question went to the Supreme Court, where Newfoundland lost. St. John's businessmen turned on Peckford with burning brands and rotting fish. The pitiful chap has been left babbling that Mulroney will give him the offshore when he comes to power. That is the extent of the man's delusion, with political death not far off. Double agents have no friends, especially not Mulroney who will have friends of his own in these parts — the provincial Grits.

Why did the premiers do it? you ask. Did they really and truly love Pierre?

Of course not. They hated him. This is 1984, remember. Love is hate. Let's put it in allegorical form. Imagine an average, round-faced Anglo-Saxon — let's call him, say, Jim Lee — who has been living a lie and the moment of truth is upon him. It's half an hour after the polls close. The political bullet is entering his brain. At that moment... yes... he loves Pierre.

And you thought the Atlantic provinces were dull!







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## PHOTOESSAY



### *Essence of Spring*

Delicate, green leaves rising from a moist, brown forest floor. Pale, gauzy waterfalls. Flowers as cheerful and warming as sunshine. Nature photographer Irwin Barrett, 32, captured these images on film in the woods and gardens near his home in Bedford, N.S. "I don't have to go far," says Barrett, who last year completed two years of photography courses in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., and Toronto. "There are three sets of waterfalls in the woods near my house. It's like a paradise."





## PHOTOESSAY



Barrett likes to shoot on bright, overcast days, or in the early morning or late afternoon to catch the "warm, gold light." For these shots, he used a Canon 35mm camera, a tripod, Kodachrome 25 film and, for the closeups, a 100mm macro lens.

The photos reflect his love of the season and "the beauty, the purity, and the awe" he experiences in nature photography. "I hope," he says, "to sensitize myself and others, in helping preserve our natural habitat and wildlife from destruction."





## PROFILE

# The artist as activist — and mother of the world

*After years of fighting for women's rights, New Brunswick's Shirley Bear is mellowing. So is her art*

It is not the sort of painting you put on your wall because it matches your drapes. A woman and a little girl stand barefoot in snow and ice, their naked feet blackened with frostbite. Above them, ghostlike faces crowd the canvas, weeping. The piece is titled "Oh Canada!". It is a powerful indictment of the treatment of Indian women in modern society.

Facing it, across a cramped workspace shared with the family deep-freeze, is a less violent, but no less powerful statement of Maliseet artist Shirley Bear's other central artistic interest. A superficially simple pencil sketch, "The Creator," presents a young Indian mother, a child at her breast, before a flaming, sun-like background. The women's face is self-assured and calm.

On a chair between the two striking art works, Shirley Bear looks altogether too ordinary and motherly to have produced either picture. Comfortably plump in blue jeans and a jersey, she discusses the four decades of life that have led to this log house deep in the woods of New Brunswick's Big Cove Indian reserve, to a national reputation as an activist for women's — particularly Indian women's — rights, to growing recognition as an artist.

Born in 1936 at Tobique on the upper Saint John River, Bear remembers that her mother "read a lot when I was young. Our mealtimes were very political. I learned that we were in that servile position where we had a white man as Indian agent [who controlled affairs on the reserve]."

Young Shirley's first language was Maliseet. "I was just starting to learn English," she recalls, "when I was tossed into a totally French environment [at] a French girls' convent school." Convent school left the maturing teenager with a profound distaste for organized religion, but an abiding appreciation of the power of religious feeling.

The experience also gave young Shirley her first encouragement as an artist. An art teacher at the convent gave her a set of watercolors and studio space.

When, at 19, she married and moved to Lowell, Mass., Bear took evening art courses at a local college. By 1966, "I was making a living doing portraits," at local parks. "I discovered I could earn \$70 in three hours, and that was in the Sixties!"

Summoning considerable courage, she quit a factory job and devoted full time to art. "It was traumatic for a year afterwards," Bear says now.

To that point in her life, her Indian identity had remained something separate from her life as an artist. That began to change one day in 1969. "Someone came knocking on my door, saying, 'Would you like a Ford Fellowship?' They offered me \$15,000 to spend in one year, and I took them up on it."

She spent the year exploring Indian culture and art, spending time with a Seminole band in Florida, living for several weeks in a Navaho Pueblo near Santa Fe, and making contacts with people who would later appear on FBI wanted lists for their activities in the American Indian movement.

The optimism, energy and sense of discovery that distinguished the Sixties

left their mark on the maturing artist. But the upheavals of travel and her growing independence were too much for her marriage. By 1972, she was divorced and back at Tobique.

Work on a project to encourage teenage Indian dropouts brought more travel, this time to various reserves in New Brunswick. At Big Cove, a reserve on the Richibucto River north of Moncton, Shirley met Peter Clair, and, in 1975, married for the second time.

Three years later, she became engaged in the political battle that would spark the anger and inspiration expressed so viscerally in the painting "Oh Canada!". A mutual friend asked her to talk to Sandra Lovelace, a young Maliseet woman at Tobique about to be evicted from her reserve home because of her marriage to a non-status Indian.

"She had two kids; she was pregnant. The more I listened, the more angry I got." Bear adopted the young woman's cause, and threw into it the energy and political acumen developed in nearly a decade of work in various community development projects. Lovelace's case went first to the N.B. Human Rights Commission, later to the United Nations. The young Maliseet mother got her home, and the UN sharply criticized Canada's legal discrimination against In-



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## PROFILE

WAYNE CHASE



Shirley Bear with "The Creator": Turning to universal themes of womanhood

dian women.

By 1981, Bear was more heavily involved in politics than ever. With other activists, she organized a national Native Women's Conference. The same year she

was named to the New Brunswick Council on the Status of Women.

Eight months ago, with a year still to run in her appointment to the council, Bear resigned. The political arena had



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consumed four years of her artistic life, she notes wryly. "I thoroughly enjoyed making connections with other women, [but] I wasn't getting any work done."

In the months since, Bear has been making up for time lost from what she now recognizes as her real career. "Whatever I have to say can be said more effectively in my art work."

Last fall, she brushed up on printing techniques at a studio in Newfoundland, and arranged several works for a show in New York City. During the coming year, she plans greater efforts to place her paintings — already found in private collections, the Museum of Man in Ottawa, and the N.B. Art Bank — in the commercial galleries whose owners, she has found, "are very uncomfortable with political art."

Her new work, she says, is less blatantly political, and more concerned with what she describes as the religious element in the female role as "the carrier of the nation, the conveyor of language." In particular, she is wrestling with the image of an Indian woman who became a Catholic saint, the martyred Saint Katri Tekekwiata.

As she turns from the specific battle for Indian rights to more universal themes of womanhood, Shirley Bear's art, like her politics, is mellowing. The painter of the disturbing image of "Oh Canada!" now seems more to reflect the calm self-assurance of "The Creator."

— Chris Wood

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# A city that shows you what "awesome" means

*In Florence, your only problem is deciding which beautiful thing to see in this city of beautiful things*

By Robert Stewart

I have suffered more than once from those "if it's Tuesday this must be Belgium" blues, which stem from the same symptoms as a bad hangover. By trying to do and see too much too quickly, I have overworked my capacity to assimilate the experiences of a trip, and ended up with a head full of murky and muddled impressions and a bellyful of wherever I had been.

Not this time, I declared as we discussed going to Italy. No more whirlwind tours, no more cramming. This time we pick an interesting spot and stay there, at least until we have seen all there is to see.

Florence sounded like the right place for it. I had observed that friends returning from Italian tours always said they wished they had spent more time in Florence. Not that I knew much about it; to tell the truth, I always got it mixed up with Venice. In the back of my mind I associated it with the Medici family and Renaissance art.

I was only slightly better informed when we arrived, having skimmed over an item on Florence in a guide book. I now knew that the Medici had ruled this former city-state in the northern Italian region of Tuscany on and off for something like 300 years. They were lavish patrons and collectors of fine art, and they had their rivals in this respect among other prominent merchant-banking families who strove to keep up with the Joneses. As a result, Florence today has been left with the richest concentration of visual art in the western world.

This is where the Renaissance started. The move out of the Dark Ages in the 15th century was sponsored and encouraged by a Medici, Cosimo the Elder, and his grandson Lorenzo the Magnificent put it into high gear. That definitive Renaissance man, Leonardo da Vinci, was a Florentine, and his "Mona Lisa" was undoubtedly a local lady. The leading chronicler of the period, Benvenuto Cellini, also came from Florence, where his sculpture is more revered than his famous autobiography.

That is all I knew, and it was all I needed to know about Florence, for no amount of second-hand knowledge can prepare a person for the reality of it. You have to be there to appreciate how impressive it is. It is not a relic of the Renaissance, but a Renaissance city living on in the late 20th century. It is not a city containing a lot of works of art, but a work of

art in itself. It is not one big precious museum. It is, after all, in Italy; it was the first capital of that country in the 1860s after it had become a unified state. As an Italian city, it is naturally noisy, smelly, chaotic and bursting with Latin vitality. You need only to stop in for a Campari-soda at one of its bars which double as ice cream parlors to discover just how lively it is.

Yet the basic, timeless Florence seems merely to tolerate the tiny Fiats and motor scooters that buzz like hornets through its narrow cobbled streets and the surging herds of tourists who come to *ooh* and *ah* over it. It is as if the intrusions of modern society were all just another rude invasion like the many others it has endured since it was founded by Julius Caesar in 59 BC.

Those pesky scooterists are responsible for keeping their city, with its present population of about half a million, free from other modern depredations such as high-rises, hamburger chains and hotels with revolving restaurants. They prefer their city as it is and has been for centuries, and they are willing to go to great lengths to keep it that way.

This is consistent with the Florentine character. The people of this city are legendary tightwads who never waste so much as a pin. They have much the same reputation among other Italians as the Scots have among Anglo-Saxons. With their typically fair complexions and sandy hair, the Florentines even look like Scots.

While other Italian cities build and manufacture things, *Firenze* conserves and recycles and fixes them. The restoration of art works and buildings forms a sizable local industry. Preservation is a way of life; whole blocks of streets are given over to little shops which repair furniture, pots and pans, splayed umbrellas, anything. The combination of thrift, craftsmanship and veneration for old things is the main reason why the city has remained so miraculously intact through ages of wars, revolutions, riots and floods, including the last great flood in 1966.

Nothing could be more typical of the Florentine spirit than the fact that after the retreating German forces blew up the Santa Trinita Bridge in 1944, the public paid to have it rebuilt with the original stones according to the original plans by workmen wielding the same tools as were used when it was first constructed in the 16th century. The reconstruction perpetuated a desperate traffic snarl which would have been alle-

viated by building a new bridge, but the people wanted their old bridge back, complete to the last stone.

In the same spirit, shops and snack bars operate out of buildings that were standing when Henry VIII became King of England. From the top of the Palazzo Vecchio, the seat of one of the first democratic governments in the world, there is a panoramic view of the city in its bowl-like valley in the Apennine hills. Among the thousands of tiled rooftops, exactly one modern building is to be seen — a school or something. If the television antennas could be blanked out, the scene would be just as it was depicted in an 18th-century print.

You are literally surrounded by art works in the streets and piazzas. The facades, frescoes, cornices and bas-reliefs on the outer walls are masterworks which would probably be locked away in museums anywhere else. Beautifully wrought sculptures are just part of the scenery, such as the wild piglet in bronze in the New (circa 1551) Market which is a beloved local mascot. At one point I sat down for a smoke on a stone step and found a grisly apparition looming above me. It was Cellini's statue of Perseus, who is triumphantly flourishing a severed female head.

The notion of art for art's sake would have been ludicrous to the old-time Florentines, because art was an essential element of their environment. Nothing was built without artistic values in mind — not a pillar or a doorstep or a window frame. Among the most beautiful things in this city of beautiful things is a set of doors to the Baptistery of the Cathedral empanelled in bronze by Lorenzo Ghiberti. So common is great art in Florence that you even *walk* on it: Across Ammannati's Santa Trinita Bridge or up the stairway to the Laurentian Library which was designed by Michelangelo.

Although he is more closely identified with Rome, Michelangelo did some of his finest work in Florence, where he studied and practised for many years as a sculptor and architect. His masterpieces are scattered throughout the city; his gigantic "David" is in the Academy Gallery and his last "Pietà" in the Cathedral Museum, still showing the scars of his attempt to smash it with a hammer because he thought it wasn't quite right. His house is now a museum featuring his sculptures and drawings, and a scenic piazza is dedicated to him. His tomb is in the Santa Croce church alongside those of Machiavelli, Galileo and the composer Rossini.

Michelangelo was only one of the immortal artists who contributed to the glory of Florence in the 15th and 16th centuries. The four major galleries — the Uffizi, Pitti, Academy and Bargello, each about the size of a small town — are full of the works of geniuses who were either born in Florence or attracted to it by the light of great things being done.

The household names among them include da Vinci, Raphael, Titian and Bot-





Brunelleschi's Cathedral dome dominates the skyline; the Arno glides serenely below





## TRAVEL

ticelli. The Medici saw to it that the Dutch and Flemish masters were also included in their collections — men like Van Dyck, Rembrandt and Rubens. Some of the best-known paintings in the world hang on Florentine walls, the kind they make jigsaw puzzles out of: Titian's "Portrait of a Gentleman" and "Leda and the Swan," Michelangelo's "Holy Family," Ruben's self-portrait and "The Four Philosophers," Botticelli's "The Birth of Venus" and "Allegory of Spring."

But Florence really belongs to other artists, notably Giotto, who built the splendid bell tower of the Cathedral, and Brunelleschi, who masterminded the massive Cathedral dome which, in the absence of office towers, dominates the skyline. Brunelleschi's work, which can be seen throughout the city, has a classical ele-



La Fontana del Dorcellino fronts an open vendors' market

gance to it, the result of a trip which he and Donatello took as young men to Rome to excavate and study the lines of ancient ruins. Donatello's architecture and sculpture similarly permeates the landscape. His statues are so powerfully lifelike that even their creator could almost believe in their animation. A biographer describes

this masterly man as an interior decorator, but that is essentially what he was when he raised the ceiling and, with a pickup team of artists, painted the panels and murals in the "Room of the 500" in the Palazzo Vecchio. We attended a concert there, feeling like guests in the court of Cosimo I de Medici. With its dazzling gilt-framed ceil-

him chipping away at one and muttering: "Speak, damn you, speak!"

If there was a more versatile Renaissance man than da Vinci, it was another Florentine named Giorgio Vasari (1511-1574). When he was not painting, sculpting, designing and acting as the municipal engineer, Vasari was writing *Lives of the Artists*, an engaging collection of biographical essays which was a best-seller in its time and remains a delight to read today.

It may seem preposterous to refer to



# Belvedere

## Good taste

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**An Italian city — naturally noisy, smelly, chaotic and bursting with Latin vitality**

ings, its richly colored murals, and statues by Michelangelo, Giambologna and Vincenzo Rossi set into the walls, this magnificent room teaches you what that over-worked word *awesome* really means.

It was Vasari who, at the behest of Cosimo I, built the elevated passage linking the two main Medici palaces, the Vec-

chio and the Pitti, which are about a kilometre apart on either side of the Arno. This was done so that members of the ruling family would not have to rub shoulders on the streets with the great unwashed — and they really were unwashed in those times. The Medici glided through this gorgeous catwalk in carts hand-drawn by

servants. In the best Florentine tradition, it combines functionality with artistry; sculptures, icons and self-portraits of painters line the walls.

The Vasari Corridor crosses the river on top of the Ponte Vecchio, the great granddaddy of all enclosed shopping malls. This 14th-century bridge, so

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venerable that Hitler would not allow his troops to blow it up when they were fighting their way out of the city, has built into it rows of goldsmiths' shops. The jewelers, many of them the descendants of men who occupied the shops in centuries past, sell exquisite original creations. They also sell a lot of trashy souvenirs.

The Ponte Vecchio makes a good example of how the present and past meld into one in Florence. Tourists — they were called pilgrims then — have traversed this bridge since the Middle Ages, buying the fine jewelry and the junk. The difference now is that they sport French T-shirts and Japanese cameras, and many of them come from lands on which no European had ever set foot until a Florentine astronomer named Paolo Toscanelli proved that the world was round and passed on his findings to a Genoese ship's captain named Cristoforo Colombo. Another native of Florence, Amerigo Vespucci, confirmed that what Columbus encountered on the other side of the ocean was not Asia but two other continents which now bear a misspelling of his Christian name.

Contemporary North American visitors to Florence soon become conscious of being Johnnie-Come-Latelys in the grand scheme of civilization. Against a backdrop of the eternal works of man, the modern hardware that seems so important to our lives shrinks. It would take a very unimaginative person not to sense Florence's air of ageless continuity. We were dining on steaks and wild mushrooms in a restaurant called Il Fagioni, where the cooks slap the meat on an iron grill over a hardwood fire just as their Tuscan ancestors did. As the flames flashed orange reflections on the vaulted walls, I could picture da Vinci, Raphael and Michelangelo getting together in this room for the same kind of juicy T-bone and chianti classico as we were having. Why not? They all lived in Florence at the same time, and the chianti wineries nearby were going strong then as now.

In our spacious, inexpensive room in the Porta Rossa Hotel I caught a wisp of another period, the early 19th century. I wouldn't doubt at all that the Porta Rossa was operating then. From the lofty ceiling a chandelier hung over a writing table in the middle of the floor; it was the sort of setting in which Shelley or Byron might write a sonnet. Both were frequent visitors to Florence, while those celebrated lovers Robert and Elizabeth Browning lived in a

flat a few blocks away.

Florence's literary heritage stretches back to Dante (1265-1321), who fought in the Guelph-Ghibelline civil war and was once banished for political activity. Along with Petrarch and Boccaccio, both adoptive Florentines, he was responsible for making the Tuscan vernacular the standard written language of Italy. Another writer to cut his teeth on Florentine politics was Niccoló Machiavelli, whose output in-

sport since the 13th century, when they coined the word "harangue."

For anyone with a taste for history, Florence is a lavish banquet. In addition to the memorabilia of politics and religion which are all around, you can pick and choose among 15 museums specializing in porcelain, coaches, gold craft and musical instruments (both the piano and opera were invented here). One I am sorry we missed is the science museum, which brings home the point that

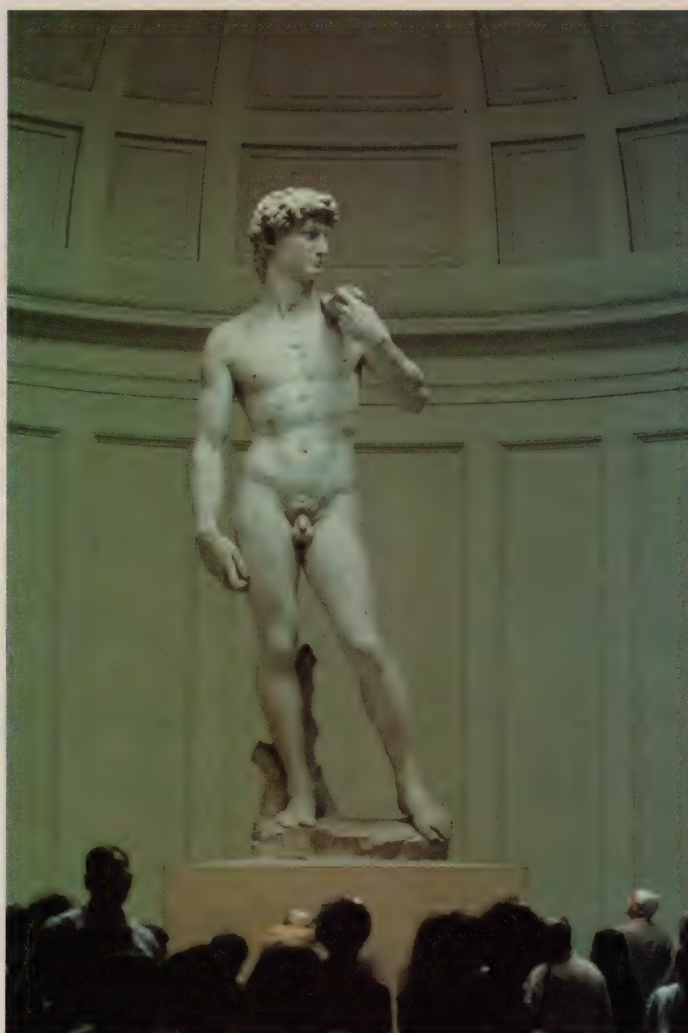
Florence was a scientific as well as an artistic mecca. It contains the wooden telescopes with which Galileo first probed the mysteries of the universe, as well as his other instruments and the bones of one of his fingers. It also features a complete alchemist's laboratory designed to turn ordinary rocks into gold.

The science museum was among the majority of tourist attractions which we did not get around to visiting. In eight days of the city, we barely scratched the surface of what there is to see. No wonder: Florence has 82 historic churches, 32 picture galleries and museums, and more than 100 palaces that are open to the public. Just to go through *one* gallery is an exhausting experience; the Uffizi alone exhibits 2,500 paintings. If there is little nightlife in Florence, that is because the tourists are so tuckered out after a day in the galleries that all they want to do is go to bed.

Anyway, it would be a shame to spend all your time soaking up high culture. There are plenty of good restaurants about, and an Italian meal of equal-sized portions of pasta, meat and dessert should properly use up a couple of hours. Time should also be set aside for shopping, since Florence is one of the fashion capitals of Europe. Well-known firms like Benetton, Ferragamo and Gucci have their headquarters here.

The allocation of time is a constant problem for visitors to Florence. What'll it be? Michelangelo's Medici chapel or the self-portraits of everyone from Velasquez to Hogarth in the Vasari Corridor? Window-shopping on the fashionable Via Tornabuoni or a stroll in the lovely Boboli Gardens amongst the reclaimed Roman statuary?

For all the hours we spent looking, we didn't even see all the highlights of the place. To cover everything would take a month. I found it so overwhelming that I mixed up the names of churches and could not recall whether such-and-such a masterpiece was in the Pitti, the Academy or the Uffizi. I was as disoriented as I have ever been while traveling, and all in one city. The only consolation was that on Tuesday, I knew which country I was in.



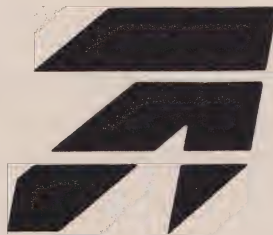
Michelangelo's magnificent "David," the Academy gallery

cluded a history of Florence. Such was the Byzantine complexity of the early political scene that it would take a Machiavelli to figure it out.

Florence had its share of vendettas and assassinations at a time when poison and stilettos were more obvious trademarks of leadership convention. One infamous political figure was the demagogic monk Savonarola, who ended his career as religious scourge of the city-state by being burnt at the stake in 1498. The spot where the deed was done is thoughtfully marked by a plaque set into the Piazza della Signoria. Speakers from the Communist and other parties still noisily hold forth on the same square on Sunday mornings. To Florentines, politics has been a spectator



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## THE FISHERIES

# The invasion of the pseudo shellfish

*Fake crab and scallops are much cheaper than the real thing. And that has some people in the fishing industry worried*

**T**he stuff in the frozen-food section of the supermarket looks like scallops, but it's not. It's a Japanese-made product called Kamaboko, and the label describes it as scallop-flavored pollock — a mixture of minced pollock, egg white, cornstarch, scallop extract, sugar, salt, monosodium glutamate and sake.

Unless you prefer Cold Duck to Dom Perignon, there's no way you could mistake those sickly sweet imitations for the real thing. But they are relatively cheap. In February, when the imitation scallops went on sale in some grocery stores in the region, they were selling for \$4.40 a pound; fresh scallops cost \$9.99 a pound. Imitation crab — which, according to one New Brunswick fisheries official, sometimes tastes better than the real thing — was selling for \$3.99 a pound in New Brunswick stores. Real, frozen crab costs about \$5.99.

Not surprisingly, some people in the fishing industry are worried.

Bud O'Brien, who processes crabmeat at Cape Pine Fisheries in Bay Bulls, Nfld., says he's stockpiled \$2 million to \$3 million worth of crab because of shrinking markets. He blames the imitation Japanese product.

"The market is being drastically affected," says Mark Rumboldt of the Newfoundland Fisheries Department. Newfoundland's \$30- to \$35-million crab industry sells mostly to the United States, where snow crab prices have dropped in the past year to \$6 a pound from about \$7.40. "Everybody believes imitation crab is a factor," says Laszlo Sonkodi of Fisheries and Oceans in Ottawa. Last fall amid growing concern from crab processors, Sonkodi produced a report that concluded imitation crab definitely will "adversely influence the demand" for the real thing.

Japanese fish processors started mass producing imitation shellfish for local and export markets in 1972. Three years ago, after improving the product — made from a fish paste called surimi — the Japanese increased their export sales of imitation shellfish by more than 100%.

Last year, the United States bought more than 29 million pounds of imitation crab from Japan, compared with six million in 1976. U.S. fast-food joints serve surimi-based crab in seafood salads for as low as \$1.75; tonier restaurants serve it in seafood crêpes and newburgs. Schools, jails, the military and hospitals serve the simulated seafood. And this is

just the beginning. "Nobody doubts that the expansion of sales will continue during coming years," Sonkodi's report observes.

The surimi product began appearing in some Atlantic region bars and bev-

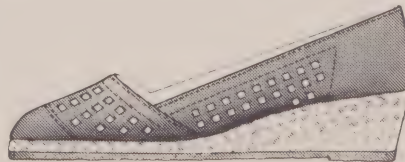
erage rooms about a year ago, about the same time imitation crab began appearing in some stores.

Until this year, only one North American plant — in Los Angeles — produced surimi products. Now, however, Atlantic region processors are trying to get in on the action.

The Newfoundland Fisheries Department began experimenting with cod as a

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## THE FISHERIES



DAVID NICHOLS

Imitation scallops are relatively cheap, but no one could mistake them for the real thing

surimi base more than a year ago, and a Clarendville processor, Cosmos Ho, expected to begin production of surimi-based crab last month. Government officials in the Maritimes are secretive about plans for surimi. One P.E.I. official says New Brunswick is considering setting up a plant; officials in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia deny studying surimi. But for the past three years National Sea Products, a major fish processor, has watched closely the development and marketing of surimi. In Halifax, Ian Langlands of National Sea Products says the company is currently experimenting with surimi but refused to give *Atlantic Insight* any details. P.E.I. is believed to be considering setting up a plant using hake, a plentiful fish that's hard to market. Island Fisheries officials refuse to confirm this. But last fall, four University of P.E.I. business administration students concluded that a plant producing "Krab Delight," a product 90% hake, 9% crab, could operate profitably in a centre such as Souris, P.E.I.

Cyril Gallant, who runs a hake processing plant in Souris, says an imitation seafood plant on the Island could mean lower prices for local fishermen. And before long, he predicts, the Japanese will "flood the market with scallops and shrimp."

Not everybody agrees. Allan Billiard, executive director of the Eastern Fishermen's Federation, concedes that processors are worried, but doubts that surimi will affect local fishermen. The

real threat to the fisheries, he says, comes from a cheaper kind of scallops — Calico scallops — that U.S. fishermen are selling.

Jerry Wambolt of Target Food Brokers in Halifax calls the fake-seafood trade "new-found business," which is "not really going to take away from fishermen." About a year ago, he began supplying bars and beverage rooms with imitation scallops, and they've become a hit. Bruce Wilbur of Judson Foods in Moncton sells 15,000 pounds of imitation scallops a month to retailers, restaurants and bars in New Brunswick and P.E.I.

Newfoundland's Cosmos Ho will use cod instead of pollock to make imitation crab. "It's a breakthrough for the fishing industry," he says. "We have a lot of surplus fish. Fishermen are happy we can buy it." This year, he plans to export half a million pounds of simulated crab to the U.S. and Europe.

Like Ho, the federal Fisheries report on imitation crab predicts that lower-priced, fake seafood probably will co-exist with real shellfish rather than replace it on the market. In any case, it seems that simulated products of all kinds — in Japan you can buy fake ham, chicken, steak and candy made from pollock — are here to stay. "We can't afford to ignore these products," says fishing-equipment manufacturer Bill Rix of Charlottetown. "It would be like ignoring the telephone."

— Roma Senn

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## FOOD

# More than pizza and pasta

By Pat Lotz

**M**ention Italian food to the average Canadian and what is likely to come to mind? Pizza, pasta and tomatoes. This is because most of the Italians who migrated to North America and opened restaurants came from southern Italy where these dishes predominate. Northern Italians do, of course, serve pasta in its myriad forms, but there's more to their cuisine than cannelloni, fusilli, spaghetti, tagliatelli, zita. To prove it, here are some recipes from northern Italy.

### Risi e Bisi

*This hearty Venetian soup of rice and peas is best made with fresh peas, but you can use the frozen kind instead.*

1 small onion, chopped  
6 tbsp. butter  
2 cups peas  
1/2 tsp. salt  
5 cups chicken broth  
1 cup rice  
3 tbsp. finely chopped parsley  
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

In a large saucepan, sauté onions until golden brown. Add peas and salt and cook for about 2 minutes, stirring often. Pour in broth, bring to a boil. Stir in rice, lower the heat and cover the saucepan. Simmer for about 15 minutes, stirring often, until the rice is cooked (firm to the bite but not mushy). Stir in parsley and remove from heat. Just before serving, add Parmesan cheese.

### Gnocchi Verdi

*These spinach dumplings can be served as an accompaniment to a meal, or on their own for lunch. If you can't find ricotta, a fresh, unsalted, creamy cheese, you can substitute creamed cottage cheese.*

2 cups cooked spinach (use 2 lbs. trimmed fresh spinach or 3 packages frozen chopped spinach)  
1 cup creamy ricotta cheese  
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese  
salt, pepper to taste  
2 eggs, lightly beaten  
4 tbsp. flour  
1/4 cup melted butter

Squeeze spinach as dry as possible and chop finely. Put into bowl, add ricotta and mix well. Add half a cup Parmesan, salt and pepper to taste. Add eggs, flour and mix well. Flour your

hands and roll tablespoonfuls of mixture into balls. Drop them into a large pot of boiling water. The *gnocchi* will rise to the surface when they are cooked (about 2 minutes). Remove with a slotted spoon to a dish. Sprinkle with the remaining Parmesan and pour over melted butter. Serve immediately. Makes about 16 *gnocchi*.

### Bistecca Fiorentina

*It's not surprising that Robert Stewart, who wrote the article on Florence (see page 42) enjoyed the steak he ate in that city. Tuscan beef is the finest in Italy.*

1 1/2-inch porterhouse steak  
freshly ground pepper  
1-2 tbsp. olive oil  
lemon for juice and garnish

Rub both sides of steak with pepper and olive oil and let stand for an hour. Broil over hot charcoal for 6 to 7 minutes on each side (the surface should be browned but the meat rare in the centre). Serve steak as soon as it's ready with a little lemon juice squeezed over it. Garnish with lemon wedges.

### Vitello Tonnato

*This dish of cold, poached, sliced veal spread with tuna sauce is a classic that can be found all over Italy. This recipe comes from Bologna.*

3-lb. boneless veal roast, securely tied  
stick of celery  
1 onion  
1 carrot  
2 cups white wine  
water  
black olives, pimento, parsley for garnish

Put veal, onion, carrot and celery into a pot. Add wine and enough water to cover the meat. Bring to a boil, lower heat and simmer for about 1 3/4 hours until veal is tender. Remove pot from stove and let meat cool in the broth. Remove meat to carving board and cut into slices slightly less than 1/4-inch thick. Spread slices with tuna sauce (recipe follows) and refrigerate for a few hours. Decorate slices with garnish and arrange on a platter.

### Tuna Sauce

1 6-oz. can tuna in oil  
3 flat anchovy fillets  
juice of one small lemon  
1 egg yolk  
1 tbsp. capers  
1/2 cup olive oil

Blend all ingredients in blender or food processor. If necessary, you may thin mixture with a tablespoonful or two of the strained broth.

### Risotto alla Milanese

*Italy is Europe's largest producer of rice. There are many versions of risotto. The following recipe comes from*

*Milan.*

3 tbsp. butter  
2 tbsp. olive oil  
1 cup rice  
1 onion, finely chopped  
3 1/2 cups hot chicken broth  
1/2 tsp. saffron  
1/2 cup Parmesan

In a heavy pan heat oil and 2 tablespoons of butter. Stir in rice, and when it is light golden in color, add onion. Stir over medium heat for about 2 minutes, then add 1 cup of hot chicken broth. Cover and cook over low heat for about 15 minutes, or until liquid is absorbed. Meanwhile, dissolve saffron in half a cup of hot broth and let stand for 5 minutes. Stir saffron broth into rice. Add remainder of broth as rice absorbs it. Just before serving, stir in cheese and remaining butter. Serves 4.

### Zabaglione

*This rich, creamy custard is traditionally made with marsala. The Nova Scotia Liquor Commission does not stock this fortified wine, nor, I suspect, do liquor outlets in other Atlantic provinces. A sweet port or sherry makes a suitable substitute.*

4 egg yolks  
1 egg white  
4 tbsp. sugar  
4 eggshell halves of marsala, sweet port or sweet sherry

In the top of a double boiler beat together egg yolks, egg white and sugar until creamy. Add the wine. Place pan over gently simmering water and beat mixture with a whisk until hot, thick and fluffy. DO NOT let mixture boil or it will separate; remove from heat at the first sign of a bubble. Can be served warm or cold. Serves 4.

### Cenci alla Fiorentina

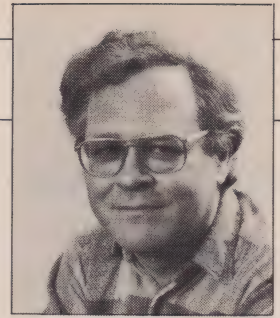
*Outside Italy, alla Fiorentina in the name of a dish usually denotes the presence of spinach. To Italians, it merely means the way something is cooked in Florence. Cenci are fried pastries, often served with fruit salad or desserts like zabaglione*

2 cups all-purpose flour  
1 tbsp. butter  
1 whole egg  
2 egg yolks  
2 tbsp. brandy  
Icing sugar

Rub butter into flour. Add 2 tablespoons icing sugar, whole egg, egg yolks and brandy and mix until you achieve a stiff but pliable dough. Sprinkle 2 tablespoons of flour onto a pastry board and knead the dough until the flour has been worked into it. Divide dough into quarters and roll out 1 quarter at a time to paper thinness. Cut dough into 1/2-inch strips and tie into loose single knots. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Sprinkle with icing sugar and serve warm. Makes about 3 dozen *cenci*.



# Oh, those devious MacDonalds!



*The infamous, underground MacDonald Connection sentences an innocent man to a stiff term in storm-tossed Toronto*

In "My Short, Grisly Career as a TV Superstar," I told a million or so *Maclean's* readers that one reason I lasted only five months as host of *Gazette*, CBC Halifax, was that I could never overcome the awesome popularity of my predecessor, Marilyn MacDonald. I said she had had a grossly unfair advantage because 76% of all Nova Scotians were MacDonalds, McDonalds or Macdonalds. A *Maclean's* researcher, whose job it was to guarantee the accuracy of the magazine, pored through telephone directories and insisted I was wrong. How could Canada's National Magazine print such a lie? "It's not a lie," I said. "It's a joke. It's, uh, hyperbole, you know? Deliberate exaggeration for humorous effect." I won. The lie survived, but only after I'd promised to take "full responsibility" if tens of thousands of McNeils, MacIntoshes, Frasers and others complained about this egregious error. (Actually, none did.)

Ah, the MacDonalds. It's their fault that I recently found myself in Toronto. I didn't want to be there. I'd have preferred to have spent the entire winter enjoying the semi-tropical delights of Canada's Ocean Playground, but here I was in Hog Town, imprisoned by a blizzard that might have put Murmansk to shame, not to mention Moncton, and my misery was entirely the fault of a mess of manipulative MacDonalds. What have they got against me? So far as I know, we Bruces haven't a drop of Campbell blood in our veins.

Here's what happened:

Don MacDonald, reporter for the *Herald* newspapers, was chatting in the Halifax Press Club with Ron MacDonald, executive assistant at the Nova Scotia Teachers Union. Ron MacDonald is the brother of Flora MacDonald. (Flora MacDonald is MP for Kingston and The Islands and, in that capacity, she's a successor to Angus L. Macdonald and Sir John A. Macdonald.) Now if it weren't for the fact that this same, sly Ron MacDonald had manoeuvred me into covering his sister's bid for the Tory leadership in 1976, their relationship would be beside the point. But that earlier MacDonald conspiracy had landed me in Ottawa for a full week of the kind of weather that we now know inspires prime ministers to quit their jobs. The complexity of the conspiracy may be seen in the fact that the aforementioned Marilyn MacDonald, Ron MacDonald's wife in those days, was writing speeches for Flora Mac-

Donald, speeches that I was dutifully working into my story. That Ottawa adventure resulted in my suffering a crippling attack of gout in our nation's capital. I had no medication except pain-killing booze that Ron MacDonald, in his fiendishly persuasive way, had conned out of backroom boys in Premier Richard Hatfield's hotel suite.

OK. Eight years later in the Halifax Press Club, Don MacDonald tells Ron MacDonald that his (Don's) uncle is none other than the Rev. Donald C. MacDonald, moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and a true son of the Green Hill neighborhood of Pictou County. Not only that, Don MacDonald tells Ron MacDonald that the moderator of the United Church is the Rt. Rev. W. Clarke MacDonald and, get this, he too comes from Green Hill. Ronald MacDonald phones Marilyn MacDonald, his ex-wife, to tell her what Don MacDonald has told

***"I...remember the well-known fact that 76% of all Prince Edward Islanders are MacDonalds, McDonalds or Macdonalds"***

him about the Rev. MacDonald and the Rt. Rev. MacDonald. Follow me?

I work for Marilyn MacDonald. She's the editor of *Atlantic Insight*, and she tells me what Don MacDonald has told Ron MacDonald about the two white-collar MacDonalds. She orders me, an unsuspecting member of the House of Bruce, to hustle my agnostic butt up to the Toronto offices of the MacDonald clerics and get this terrific religious scoop (page 27) for her magazine.

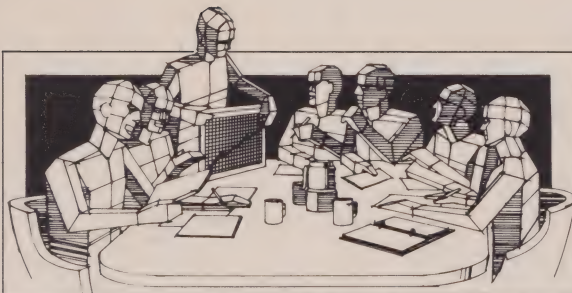
Within minutes of my arrival, the blizzard drops like an avalanche. Office towers close early. Screaming secretaries walk backwards against the lashing wind to reach subway stations. Motor traffic dies. Chipper TV newswomen happily flash their teeth while the film footage behind them shows transportation chaos. Ain't blizzards fun? For some they are. Hotels offer special deals to thousands of businessmen and businesswomen who

phone their spouses to explain they cannot possibly make it through the night. "Storm parties" make huge impersonal hotels seem as intimate as ski lodges, and rock the buildings from the inside while the snow-laden wind batters them from the outside. The Reverends MacDonald would not entirely approve of these goings-on, but I know other MacDonalds who would not object at all.

In the morning I ride the subway to its northernmost limit, miraculously find a cab, and — even more miraculously — reach Donald C. MacDonald's snow-smothered shieling in a remote Toronto suburb. He's as gentlemanly a Presbyterian moderator as you'd ever want to meet and, in the Nova Scotian way, we exchange family information. "Perhaps you know my nephew, Donald," he ventures. "He's a reporter for the *Herald* newspaper in Halifax." The *Herald* building is within a caber's toss of the Halifax Press Club, and the goodly reverend has let the plot slip. Now, for the first time, I know why I was wrenched from the bosom of my loving family, forced to ride a blizzard-racing jet, sentenced to a term in storm-throttled Hog Town. It was because a MacDonald boasted about MacDonalds to a MacDonald in the press club. To think that they stood shoulder-to-shoulder with us at Bannockburn. And now this. My turn will come. We Bruces may be gullible but, as any reading of Scottish history will show, we are exceedingly patient and our memory is long.

I leave Donald "The Presbyterian" MacDonald, and struggle through the storm to Clarke "United Church" MacDonald. In 1943, when he was 23, the telephone directory for New Glasgow alone listed no fewer than 109 MacDonalds, McDonalds, and Macdonalds (and that's a fact, not hyperbole). We chat for an hour about such vital matters as the challenges facing Christianity the world over, but just as I'm leaving I remember the basic sort of question that the *Ottawa Journal's* city editor — Art "Black Mac" MacDonald of Cape Breton — taught me to ask 30 years ago. "By the way, Dr. MacDonald, what was your wife's maiden name?" He smiles angelically, and says, "Oh, she was Muriel MacDonald of Prince Edward Island." I should have known. After downing a quarter-pounder at a nearby McDonalds, I light up a Macdonalds cigarette, and remember the well-known fact that 76% of all Prince Edward Islanders are MacDonalds, McDonalds, or Macdonalds.





# BUSINESS FORUM

*The Business Forum this month examines the challenge posed to all Atlantic Canadian businessmen by high technology.*

*High-tech, for many people, has become a popular label for the path to a bright economic future. But at the same time it is very much a label in search of a meaning.*

*Our lead article is intended to provide that understanding.*

*This month we are also including two regional success stories — Moosehead's export sales success and Diagnostic Chemicals Limited in Charlottetown.*

**J. M. Daley**  
Publisher

## High technology: The challenge and the choices

"Automate or evaporate." That's how Peter Palecek, a California-based authority on high technology, sums up the challenge that every business in Atlantic Canada faces.

Dr. Robert Lund of Boston University points out that the leaders in American industry are adopting the new high technologies, but it will be a decade before they are widely accepted; "Everybody will use it eventually, or be forced out of the marketplace." A Club of Rome study quotes a trade union leader; "We know that the microprocessor will do away with jobs, but if we don't accept it, there will be jobs for nobody."

Chrysler Corporation's recovery came about, in part, from a heavy investment in high technology. The company spent \$400 million on a plant to produce a new line of mini-vans in Windsor, Ontario. Laid-off workers were rehired, and the number of employees increased — although the plant has 123 robots. Everyone was informed about the impact of the new technologies, and management and labor co-operated in their introduction. Chrysler is the largest user of robotics in Canada, a country which has been slow to adopt the new technologies in the workplace.

The Electronic Revolution is extending our minds, and forcing all those concerned with economic survival to use their intelligence to combine new technology, know-how and information to create new products and services or to improve existing ones. High technology is a means to an end — not an end in itself. And that end is to make Canadian industry more productive and competitive, nationally and internationally.

Canada faces stiff competition in world trade from Japan, Taiwan, Korea, Hong Kong and Singapore, industrialized nations that use the most modern technology and management methods — and cheap labor.

### Technology — The competitive edge

The new technologies are pervasive — and usually invisible.

They transform our way of thinking and working. Some provinces have leapt on the high-tech bandwagon in the hope of creating employment. The empty Mitel factory at Buctouche, New Brunswick, is mute testimony to the fact that the new industries have had a hard time in the recent recession.

The Science Council of Canada has tied national survival to innovation. It has stressed the message that technology can provide a competitive edge for Canadian business. On a visit to Halifax in October, 1982, Dr. Stuart Smith, Council Chairman, pointed out another familiar theme — "Tomorrow is too late to start planning for Canada's future in microtechnology."

An analysis of trends illustrates the reality behind the government rhetoric.

- Canada's high-technology manufacturing industries led all other industries in the 1970s in rate of output, growth, productivity and investment, and had the lowest increase in prices.
- This country's balance of trade is increasingly determined by technology-intensive products and related services. High-technology items made up 25 percent of Canada's trade turnover (exports and imports) in 1981, compared to 20 percent a decade earlier.
- New technology production is labor intensive and often well paying, and it can stimulate job creation.

### Atlantic Canada in a race with time

In a frantic effort to reindustrialize its manufacturing sector, after the recent recession eliminated many uncompetitive companies using outdated equipment and management methods or producing obsolete goods and services, the Ontario government has established a network of innovation centres to spread the word about the new technologies. It has created IDEA, a Crown corporation, to provide venture capital and to act as a licensing broker for new products and processes.

A recent survey of 2,700 manufacturers by the Ontario Centre for Microelectronics showed that fewer than 10 percent of the labor force is using microelectronics, and that less than 10 percent of capital budgets is being allocated to some form of the new technologies. The companies that have used microelectronics for, and in, their products and processes reported sales growth, reduced labor costs, and lower equipment and material



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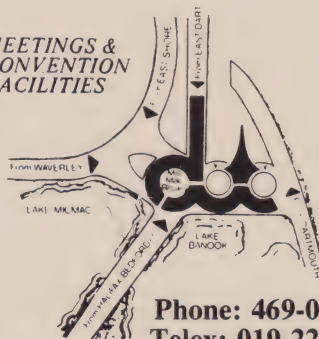
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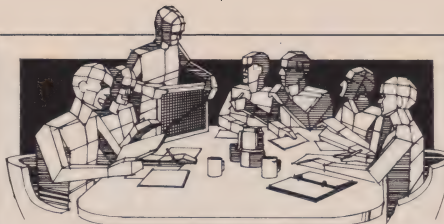


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costs. The chief motivation for automation in Ontario has been fear of losing ground to competitors.

Atlantic Canada is in a race with other provinces — and with time.

The region faces a number of problems in adapting to change. We have a few large industries, and many small ones, scattered in rural areas without access to the resources of the metropolitan centres. People are cautious and conservative about the introduction of new ideas, and of "salvation by technology." The education system has paid too little attention to science and technology and to training innovators.

And the promise of instant wealth from the offshore may well have blinded people to the potential that high technology has for creating employment and improving the quality of life. When the Venture gas field comes on stream it will create 560 permanent jobs. A study of the computer and electronics industry in Nova Scotia in February, 1982, identified 887 people employed in electronics manufacturing in 1980 — and forecast that the number would rise to 1,379 in 1986. In March, ForceTen, a Halifax-based computer software company, came into being with an investment of \$8.1 million. It employs 70 people, and expects that number to rise to 400-500 over the next four to five years.

## The high-tech wave

Atlantic Canada now has a critical mass of individuals and companies that have adopted high technology — or are making it. Nautical Electronics Ltd. (Nautel 1), located in a small rural community, has shown the pattern of success; it identified a niche for its products in the world and produces items of excellence and reliability. It has more than 40 percent of all world sales for radio beacons, and produces an energy-efficient AM radio transmitter that has been sold locally — and in New Zealand. One seventh of the staff, and one eighth of the company's gross, is devoted to research and development. Internav in Sydney came into being in 1977 as the first company to make Loran C receivers for shipboard use. In 1980 it spun off another company, Micronav, to develop microwave landing systems to replace instrument landing systems. Under a United Nations directive the ILS must be replaced at designated airports throughout the world by 1995, and Micronav wants to capture a share of this market.

On Prince Edward Island, Imapro of Charlottetown has developed an excellent reputation in the remote sensing business for its imaging systems.

The computer, promoted sometimes as a toy and a diversion rather than as an essential management tool to enable companies to remain competitive, improve quality and exercise control over products and processes, is invading all sectors of business. Computer Aided Design (CAD) systems allow an operator to play around with a wide range of design possibilities, quickly and efficiently: The World Trade Centre in Halifax was designed with the aid of a CAD system. These systems cut down the design time, and this is crucial in speeding an idea from the theoretical to the prototype stage. The software — the stored information produced — can then be fed into a computer guided machine to generate the designed objects. Through CAM (Computer Aided Manufacturing) systems, objects can be made in short runs, and with a large number of variations, simply by changing the computer program. This flexibility in design and manufacturing will mean the difference between growth and extinction for many companies in Atlantic Canada.

Computer-aided systems are used at the Saint John Shipbuilding and Drydock Co. and the Canadian National Railway's maintenance depot, and also in smaller, more specialized companies such as Arvind Special Manufacturing Ltd. in Chatham, New Brunswick, and E.S. Stephenson Ltd. of Saint John.

Those starting new ventures, or taking over existing ones, have access to the most modern technology — and are investing in it. Set up in 1980, Buckingham's Machine and Fabricating Works in St. John's installed a CNC (Computerized Numerically Controlled) lathe and milling machine centre. A computer tape controls the machining processes, doing in half an hour what used to take six hours by conventional methods. When Don Eisner bought Lunenburg County Print in Nova Scotia in 1976, he replaced every piece of equipment, and is installing a computerized, time costing system for his press that will be the first of its kind in Canada. He uses an Apple in his office, and sales have risen from \$100,000 annually to \$1 million — 15 percent of which are in the northeastern United States.

## The choices

High technology is no panacea for all the ills that afflict the region's businesses, industries and services: The human factor remains the crucial one in determining the success of any enterprise. High technology forces people to examine their enterprises, and to see their activities in a new light by helping them to understand how all aspects are connected to each other — and to the world beyond their doors. High technology, the application of brain power, changes the



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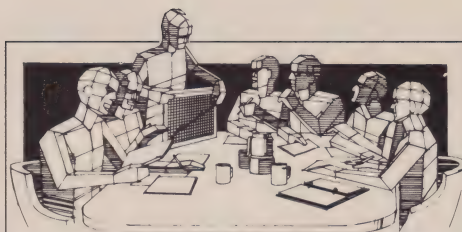
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## BUSINESS FORUM

speed, nature and direction of development, offering new options and rendering certain activities obsolete. In the past, Atlantic Canadians gained a reputation for being creative generalists who could plough a field or build a boat with equal dexterity. That's the sort of characteristic that marks innovators.

While high technology is being adopted in the region, a continuous effort will be needed over the next decade to educate the business community about innovation.

The main bars to the adoption of new technology in the region lie in our minds, and in the structures developed to meet the needs of the people here. There's still a tendency to lament a lost, romantic past rather than plan a move from a dynamic present into a promising future. A common complaint among the region's innovators is that bankers don't understand technology — or that accountants can't evaluate it. One software company submitted a business plan to four banks, and was asked about such things as fixed assets. The assets in high technology are intelligence and information, not the traditional kinds. The company sent its proposal to American financial houses, and received useful critiques, because the Americans understood the language and grammar of high technology.

Another bar is the region's educational system that has consistently ignored the importance of science and technology. A provincial/federal study of the computer and electronic industries in Nova Scotia in 1981 quoted the manager of one of the largest data processing centres in Nova Scotia as saying that "the only places that offer data processing course in the Maritimes are Acadia and UNB." The University of New Brunswick has a large IBM facility and has shown a willingness to meet the needs of industry by graduating people who are immediately useful to it. The report adds that the equipment in universities in Nova Scotia has been developed to address the needs of academic and administrators concerned with costs, rather than those of industry and innovators.

### Getting the message . . .

The provincial governments have received and understood the message about the need to "automate or evaporate". Nova Scotia Development Minister Roland Thornhill noted: "Computer aided design is the wave of the future in manufacturing. In 10 years,



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the company which attempts to work without it in the competitive world of international marketing will quite simply be out of business." His department's recent White Paper on Economic Development, *Building Competitiveness*, notes: "Technological change, particularly in microelectronics, is revolutionizing products, production techniques and business practices." The paper also emphasizes the need for Nova Scotians to be trained and retrained to become highly skilled professionals and technicians.

The provincial and federal governments are turning to the universities to help in bridging the gap between new ideas and new products and services. The Centre de Recherche en Sciences Administratives at the Université de Moncton is carrying out a \$130,000 study of 1,500 firms in Atlantic Canada to determine how high technology can benefit them and be tailored to their needs. A major stumbling block in this region is the number of small firms that have to be reached with better information about change and technology.

### ...and meeting the challenge

Clair Callaghan, President of the Technical University of Nova Scotia, has stressed that "information is the stock in trade of the university," and that business, labor and government must work together to develop policies to encourage innovation and the adoption of new technologies. The provincial government provided funds to set up the Nova Scotia Computer-Aided Design Centre at the Technical University of Nova Scotia to assist over 600 secondary manufacturers to determine how they can benefit from CAD/CAM applications. The Nova Scotia Institute of Technology is concentrating on CAM, and its numerically controlled machine tools can be linked to the designs originating on the computers at the Technical University. Both institutions have terminals and work stations that can tap into the same computer system. NSIT will offer courses for apprentices and journeymen in specific NC machine tools and also management training for numerically controlled operations.

The federal government recently joined with the provincial government to provide funds for a Computer-Aided Electronic Circuit Design Facility at the Applied Microelectronics Institute, a joint venture between the Technical University, Dalhousie and the Nova Scotia Research Foundation Corporation. AMI does conceptual research and development for industry, assists in technology transfers, undertakes industrial training on the latest electronic developments for managers and technicians, and carries out research on microelectronics. The new CAD facility is available to local companies which, until



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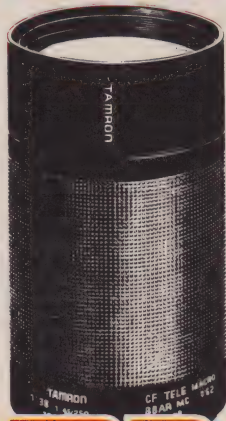
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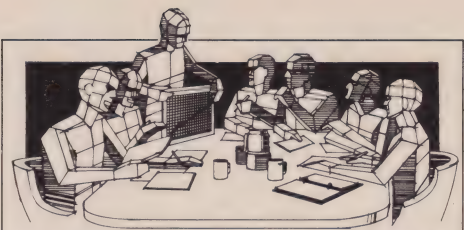
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## BUSINESS FORUM

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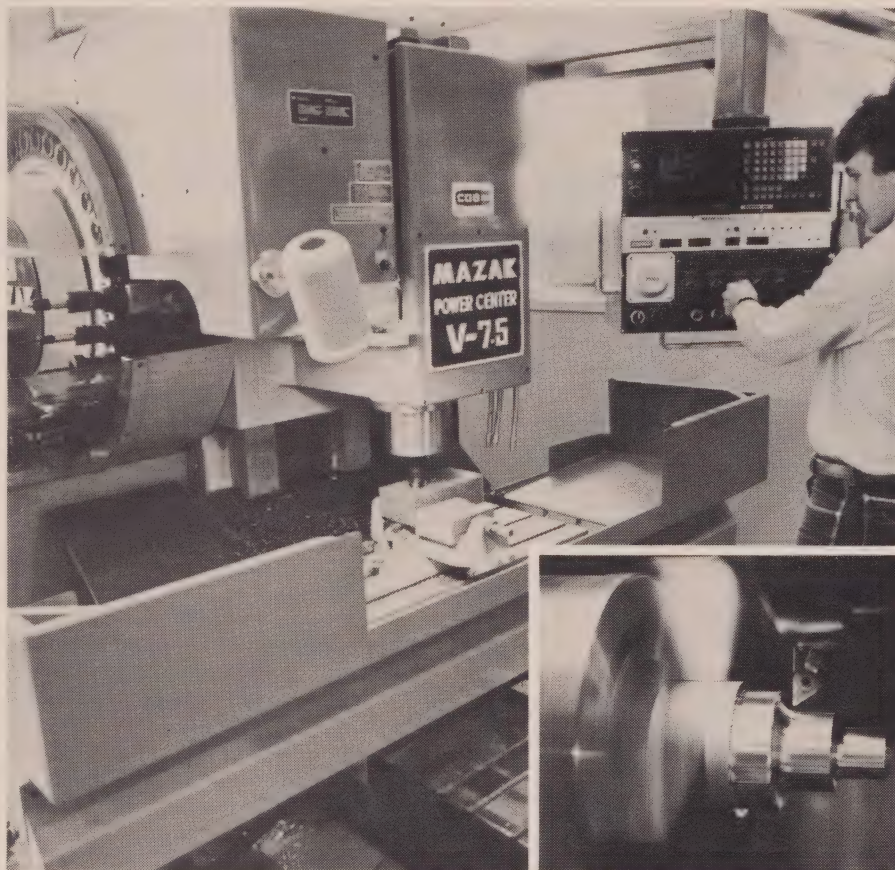
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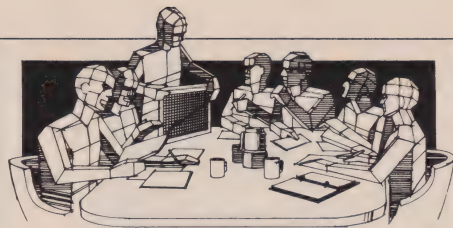
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## BUSINESS FORUM

of New Brunswick, the Université de Moncton, the New Brunswick Research and Productivity Council and the New Brunswick Community Colleges to provide facilities and resources at six centres throughout the province.

Centres for research in microelectronics and CAD/CAM have not been

established in Newfoundland and Labrador or in Prince Edward Island, but government and universities there are aware of the potential and limitations of the new technologies. Memorial University has pioneered in teleconferencing, and is currently working with the Newfoundland Telephone Company and Mobil Oil to test a satellite system to provide medical support services and direct dial and data services to offshore rigs. Industrial Enterprises Inc. of Charlottetown is advertising for entrepreneurs who can create employment in computer-related activities.

The fascination with high technology and microchips should not blind innovative people to the possibility of "low

tech" — simple methods of doing things better. As with high tech, the key to success is to develop technology that is appropriate to everyday tasks. Donald Andrews of Newfoundland turned his mind to answering the question: "Given the resources we have, and the skills of the people, what are the tools they need to do their job without departing too much from their old lifestyle patterns?" This approach, based on an understanding of how people live and work, has proved to be the most effective way to introduce innovations, anywhere in the world. Andrews answered his question by developing small scale-inventions that improved the working efficiency of fishermen — a salt-fish washer, a hook baiting machine, insecticides for controlling insects on high-salted cod, and a high velocity salt-fish dryer.

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By Jim Lotz

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Dr. D. Pincock, Director, Applied Microelectronics Institute, Box 1000, Halifax, N.S. B3J 2X4, Ph. 902-423-8227.

John Driscoll, Principal, Nova Scotia Institute of Technology, Box 2210, Halifax, N.S. B3J 3C4, Ph. 902-424-4533.

### In New Brunswick

W. C. McGregor, Director, Manufacturing Section, Department of Commerce and Development, Box 6000, Fredericton, N.B. E3B 5H1 and/or Barrie Teece, CAD/CAM Co-ordinator, 506-453-2790.

Professor David Boham, Chairman, Department of Mechanical Engineering, University of New Brunswick, Box 4400, Fredericton, N.B. 506-453-4513.



# Moosehead continues to make export sales gains

Bob Randolph, of Allstate Liquor Distributors of Atlanta, Georgia, says the Saint John, N.B., water used in making Moosehead Canadian Lager Beer is what has made it the fastest growing seller among imported beers in the United States.

Paul Lohmeyer, president of All Brand Importers, whose company convinced Moosehead Breweries Ltd., of Saint John, N.B., and Dartmouth, N.S., that they had a product the Americans would "lap up," says the difference is a special strain of yeast.

Neil Van Bostelen, a Canadian trade commissioner and consul in the United States, says Canadian hops give Moosehead its unique taste.

Al Hirt, the renowned New Orleans jazz musician, who always has a bottle of Moosehead on his music stand "to lubricate the throat and trumpet," says he doesn't care if it's the water, the yeast or the hops. "All I know," he says, "is that it is the best."

Back in Saint John, where the Moosehead bottling plant spews out 1,500 bottles a minute, automatically filled, labelled, capped and packed in six-packs and cartons, the only thing they know for sure is that their product is a hit. "We certainly produce a beer with a distinct Canadian character," says Moosehead president Derek Oland. If he knows whether it is the yeast, the hops or the water, he isn't saying.

Moosehead, one of the few remaining independent breweries, moved into the United States marketplace in 1978 after two years of sales and promotion planning. "Paul Lohmeyer first talked to us in 1973," Oland says, "but we weren't ready for such a big move. When we approached him in 1976 we knew the time was right." At Lohmeyer's suggestion, the "Moose" moved into 26 states simultaneously. "Now we are in all 50," says Oland with some pride.

The years 1978, 1979 and 1980 brought steady growth to the Moosehead export charts. "The beer took off right from the start," says Oland. "In 1981 and 1982 we continued to increase, both years close to 40% This despite the fact that our promotional budget was so small it would boggle the mind if people knew how little we did spend."

Although Derek Oland lauds the superb promotion advanced by All Brand Importers in the United States, he credits a great deal of the "Moose" sales to unpaid advertising that has put the lager beer "on everyone's lips."

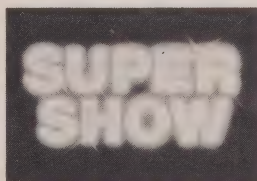
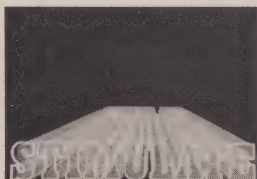
A paid "Moose" T-shirt promotion was enhanced when singer Willie Nelson's office called from Hollywood asking for one of the shirts. "Thanks to the quick thinking of someone in the T-shirt production plant, to whom we referred the query, we received tremendous exposure," says Oland. "The production plant decided that if they sent a dozen shirts, by the time everyone in the entourage had taken one, it would be fortunate if one got through to Nelson."

So they sent a gross, and the result was that Nelson wore one for 30 minutes in the film *Honeysuckle Rose*.

The Oland family's connection with brewing goes back more than 116 years to 1867 when Susannah Oland began making an ale in her rented, Dartmouth, N.S., home. It was so tasty that a family friend, Colonel Francis de Winter, offered to put up the necessary cash if Susannah would enlarge her productivity and make ale exclusively for the military.

In 1869, Susannah, her husband, John — who had arrived in Nova Scotia in the early 60s to help establish the Intercolonial Railway, and was by then out of a job — and Colonel de Winter,

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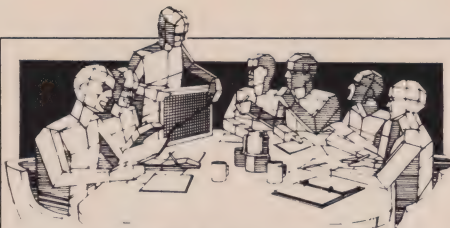
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## BUSINESS FORUM

opened the Army and Navy Brewery. In 1877, after John's death, Susannah purchased control of the growing brewery, brought her three sons, aged 14 to 21, into the business, and changed the name to S. Oland Sons and Co.

The Halifax munitions ship explosion of 1917 razed the waterfront brewery and literally blew the Oland family to Saint John. There, Susannah's son George, then in charge, used his disaster compensation to buy the small Red Ball Brewery, already established more than 80 years. As it prospered under his direction, he expanded back to Halifax with a second brewery.

In 1928, one year after the repeal of prohibition in New Brunswick, George and his son, George B., added the Ready Beverages Ltd. brewery on Main Street, Fairville — at that time outside the Saint John boundary — and changed the name to New Brunswick Breweries Ltd. It was in the Ready files that they found the name Moosehead, a registered title the company had never used.

When George Oland Sr. died in 1933, his three sons, George B., Sidney and Geoff, agreed to split the business. George B. and Geoff remained in Saint John with the Red Ball and Moosehead Breweries. Sidney took over the Oland and Keith's breweries in Halifax.

Sidney Oland and his sons Victor, Don and Bruce took over the Red Ball Brewery in Saint John in 1957 and later added a new brewery in 1965. They sold out to Labatts in 1971.

George B. and Geoff remained with the small Moosehead Brewery, from which today's independent giant has grown. Philip Oland, son of George B., took over the Moosehead Brewery in 1937. He refused to yield to tempting offers dangled before him. Since then (and he is still active as chairman of the board) armed with nothing more than a quality beer pistol, he has made more than a few dents in the armor of the national brewery giants.

Moosehead Canadian Lager Beer started at the bottom of the heap when it entered the U.S. market in 1978. The Big Three — Molson, Labatt and Carling O'Keefe — plus major European imports such as Heineken, were already big sellers. By 1981 Moosehead was outselling most of the imported brands and had moved past Carling O'Keefe into sixth place. "If the demand continues to increase we may make it into third place this year," said Derek Oland early in 1983. Before the summer was out this third place was confirmed.

The old red brick building on Main

Street, now part of the city of Saint John, still stands as a tribute to the early generations of Olands who built a stronger foundation than perhaps they ever realized. But the interior of the adjoining new buildings, which the company erected in 1979 and 1980 with help from the federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion, looks like a scene from some science fiction movie with the gleaming automated equipment and operational technology that is among the most modern in the world of brewing.

More than 160 full-time employees keep the plant running three shifts a day at the Saint John plant. Construction now under way on a new brewhouse will more than double the capacity of that phase of the operation.

To work at the Oland plant is often to work for a lifetime. More than 30 employees with 25-year gold watches are on the plant's payroll. Gene Mason, a forklift operator, who got his 25-year-

---

***"If the demand continues (within the U.S. import market) we may make it into third place this year. . ."***

---

Derek Oland

watch 12 years ago, smiles at the memory. "I'm thinking of bringing it in for polishing," he says. The brewery honored its first 25-year female employee in 1983 when secretary Helen McCurdy reached this plateau. Bill Ryan, manager of quality control, was also a 1983 gold watch recipient.

Sports figures have loomed large in the Moosehead success story, both in New Brunswick and the United States. Bobby Orr is used in some promotions in the United States. Another hockey great, Danny Grant, who makes his home in Fredericton, N.B., is the company's most renowned Atlantic area salesman. "But we didn't hire Danny because he was a hockey star," Derek Oland says. "Sure his name has opened a lot of doors, but once inside, as a salesman he is first class."

Prohibition of beer advertising in New Brunswick has freed an estimated \$1 million annually in the province to support sporting activities. Few communities have not benefited in some way from Moosehead generosity. In the 1984 Oldtimers' Hockey Tournament held in Moncton, sponsored by Moosehead, no less than nine of the 72 teams participating bore the names Alpine,

Tenpenny (the company's other two big sellers) or Moosehead.

Community involvement by the Oland family is a tradition. Philip Oland was a founding member of the Saint John United Way and the New Brunswick Youth Orchestra. He is national campaign chairman of the Confederation for the Arts in Charlottetown, P.E.I., a freeman of the City of Saint John, and an officer of the Order of Canada.

In 1982, to honor Philip Oland's 50th anniversary in the brewing industry, Ross Johnson, president and chief operational officer of Nabisco Brands, Inc., now owners of All Brands Importers Inc., presented, on behalf of his company, a cheque for \$300,000 to St. Francis Xavier University in Nova Scotia to create the Philip W. Oland Scholarship for Exceptional Achievement.

Derek Oland is following in his footsteps. Chairman of the Dartmouth "Y" fund-raising group (he makes his home in Nova Scotia, travelling to Saint John by air two days a week), and Chairman of the Art Auction, which has helped in assuring the restart of the former Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, he is never behind closed doors when his services are needed.

It was Philip Oland who spearheaded the drive to reduce the drinking age in New Brunswick from 21 to 19. Derek Oland, with four growing sons, the eldest 15, supports the move. "I believe it is not the age at which young people drink but the way in which they control their drinking that counts," he says. "We spend, through the company, a sum of money each year on programs to show young people the perils of drinking the wrong way. We believe it is better to teach them how to drink rather than taking on the impossible task of refusing them the opportunity."

Right now the Oland sons are not thinking of coming into the family business. "The youngest is more interested in the Smurfs he saw at the Ice Capades show, and the eldest is totally immersed in sports," Derek Oland says.

The Moosehead Brewery in Saint John is a contrast of the old and new. The futuristic production lines are the direct opposite of the oak-beamed hospitality room where dignified links with Oland's English heritage are evident. A picture of the 1st Regiment, Canadian Artillery, 1905, including two members of the Oland family, Lieutenants S.C. and G.B., hangs proudly alongside a huge picture of the Queen. The Oland family's Canadian loyalty is emphasized by large reproductions of the official declarations of the arrival of the Canadian flag and the recent patriation of the Constitution.

The Moosehead Brewery is a constant target for would-be buyers. "We could sell any day we wished and certainly live comfortably ever after," says Derek Oland. "But my father and I both believe very strongly that it is much bet-



ter to be working for yourself than for somebody else. I can foresee no possibility of our selling."

Moosehead drinkers in the Atlantic region, who total (together with other Moosehead products) some 45% of the market, should neither expect to see the familiar Moosehead bottle or label, nor to expect to quench their thirst with the product they are used to in Canada when they order a "Moose" south of the 49th parallel.

"In the Atlantic provinces Moosehead is an ale," Derek Oland says. "In the United States it is a lager beer, much like our Alpine lager in Canada. But the name Moosehead seemed more promotable and so we used that. The bottle and label were specially designed to suit the export market."

A "Moosehead Society" started as a promotion in the United States now has many thousands of card-carriers who individually boost the Saint John product. Hundreds of thousands of bumper stickers and close to two million T-shirts bearing the Moosehead name and insignia have been sold.

The number of cases of Moosehead Lager Bear— each containing 24 bottles — sold in the United States is a company secret. But Derek Oland is happy to admit it runs into many millions of cases annually.

"And we are really just beginning, he says. "The future is unlimited."

By Charlie Foster

## Diagnostic Kits spell success for PEI firm

Less than seven years ago, every hospital and laboratory in Canada making tests on the thousands of blood samples taken daily from St. John's, Nfld., to Victoria, B.C., had to rely on imported diagnostic chemicals to do the job.

Now, thanks to an advertisement that produced an unexpected response, and the natural curiosity of a University of P.E.I. professor, the tide has turned, and a small Charlottetown, P.E.I., chemical company is making big inroads into not only Canadian markets, but overseas as well.

Created by Profesor Regis Duffy as a part-time project to help provide summer employment for his top students, Diagnostic Chemicals Ltd. has grown to international status in only seven years of operation. The company now has distributors across Canada, in the United States and the United Kingdom, the Mediterranean area, Korea, Singapore, Taiwan and Hong Kong.

Regis Duffy's small P.E.I. company challenged the American, European and Japanese suppliers of the Canadian market head on — and won. Now, with a steadily growing output — the company has increased its sales by more than 30 percent in each of the past three years — he is preparing to launch another at-

tack, this time on the home base of the highly competitive Japanese producers.

Duffy, who returned to his native Prince Edward Island after earning a PhD in 1964 at New York's Fordham University, developed an enthusiasm for research in the late 60s by working on federally sponsored projects in the Atlantic region in the university's summer vacation months.

"The federal grants made it possible for me to hire three or four of my top students each summer," Duffy says. In the early 70s the federal money belt tightened and Duffy found it necessary to cast around for alternate sources of research money.

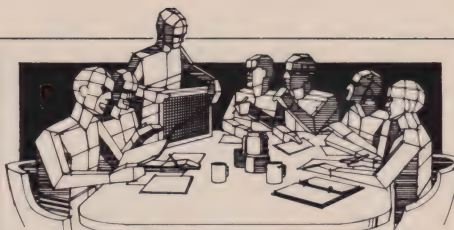
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## BUSINESS FORUM

needing research done on a small scale, I placed an advertisement in an American chemical magazine," he recalls. "The one reply, from a small chemical producing firm in New Jersey, asked if I had the facilities to produce, in quite large quantities, a specific chemical compound. Since the money meant keeping my team of students together I accepted the work, although it was hardly the research I had hoped for."

Duffy's curiosity as to the ultimate use of the chemical was the stepping stone to the first growth of Diagnostic Chemicals Ltd. "The New Jersey firm had no hesitation in telling me that the bulk product was used, in minute quantities, in medical diagnostic kits," he says. "It didn't worry me that the company was making vast profits from our P.E.I. operation by selling precisely measured small quantities in individual kits, but what I didn't like discovering was that our Canadian-produced compound was shipped back to Canada and sold at high prices to Canadian hospitals

and laboratories."

Duffy made an immediate decision to take a year's sabbatical from his university work to concentrate on investigating the possibility of producing Canadian-made diagnostic kits for direct sale to Canadian users. "Within weeks I knew the potential was immense," he says.

The remainder of the year was spent experimenting, in a laboratory he built in his garage, with production methods for the variety of chemical compounds he would have to produce to offer a quality of service the Canadian market would demand.

By the summer of 1975, Duffy was convinced he was prepared sufficiently to launch an attack on the corporate chemical giants then exclusively supplying the Canadian laboratories.

So far he had used his own financial resources to complete the experimental period, but he knew he would need financial help to move to a more substantial plant and hire at least five new employees to augment the four he was paying from his own pocket. An approach to the former federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion in Charlottetown was answered quickly. Duffy got \$58,730 to help buy needed equipment and a move to a new building in Charlottetown's West Royalty Park.

Regis Duffy and his team were ready to go into production within two months. An initial promotional campaign to Atlantic region hospitals and

laboratories brought a favorable response. "Many of the area buyers expressed pleasure at being able to buy Canadian-made diagnostic kits," Duffy says. "They were just as enthused as we were that the money was going to stay in Canada."

But the larger, nation-wide market he knew he had to reach if his company was to become profitable was not so easily cracked. "The toughest problem," he recalls, "was finding distributors willing to put our product in competition with the imported kits. We beat them easily on price and, perhaps most important, on quality, but needed that sales support to survive."

The first break came in Toronto, where Duffy was introduced to Hong Kong-born Gregory Wong. Wong, then specializing in exports to Pacific Rim countries, was interested in entering the Canadian market. "We went into partnership as Diagnostic Chemicals Marketing," Duffy says. That partnership has now grown to become a world-wide venture.

Gregory Wong convinced Ontario users to try the P.E.I. product, and a Quebec distributor, Quelab, of Montreal, added the new diagnostic kits to its sales catalogue.

Sales spread to the west coast of Canada, and Duffy, satisfied that he had good people pushing for him in Canada, decided to expand his initial bulk production and see if other companies, like



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the one in New Jersey, would be interested. They were, and a new market opened up for the company.

So far Diagnostic Chemicals Ltd. has had little luck selling the individual kits to the United States where the major manufacturers have a tight grip on the market. "But we haven't given up," Duffy says. "Not by any means."

Through Gregory Wong, the company built up a steadily growing demand for kits and bulk chemicals in Hong Kong, Taiwan and Singapore. "During 1983 we sent our first order to Australia, and the European markets became interested," Duffy says.

Diagnostic Chemicals Ltd. already puts close to half-a-million dollars into the Charlottetown economy each year from salaries paid to its 25 skilled employees. "But that total could be doubled if the federal government would not only promote a 'Buy Canadian' campaign but make it financially worth while, perhaps through tax breaks, to the

*"We tried to nail the lie that the top people have to leave the Atlantic region to find good jobs..."*

Regis Duffy

companies who comply, Duffy says. Most institutions we sell to are government funded, so why not stipulate — as a condition of that funding — that they buy Canadian where a product at competitive price and equal quality is available."

Equalling the quality of imported diagnostic kits is no problem for Duffy's company. Quality control is top priority. "We know we are producing chemicals that are purer than any being imported," Duffy says. "And in these days of automated tests that purity and standard of quality is more important than ever."

Through the former federal Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce — now incorporated into the Department of Regional Industrial Expansion (DRIE) — the company has been able to expand its market research and attend trade conferences and fairs. Through the National Research Council the company has found ways to produce its own enzymes instead of having to purchase them. The potential market for these is in the United States.

In 1982 Regis Duffy attended a trade conference in Tokyo. "That's a tough market to get into," he says. "But we made contacts, let them know what we can produce, and this year we bid on our first contract there."

Tradition is the toughest competitor for Diagnostic Chemicals in Canadian hospitals and laboratories "When a company has bought its diagnostic kits from a reliable source, perhaps for more than a decade, with little or no trouble, it is extremely difficult to convince the buyer to change to an untried product where reliability is vitally important," Duffy explains. But satisfied customers are spreading the word and slowly, but surely, tradition is being overcome.

Most companies hoping to establish industry in beautiful Prince Edward Island are beaten by the product shipping cost. Diagnostic Chemicals Ltd. has no such trouble. "Because of the light weight of the product we can afford to ship everything by air and still be competitive," Duffy says "The stability of the island's labor force makes this an ideal location for industries such as ours."

Every year more than 200 million blood tests are made in Canada, and the number is growing each year. "As the population of the nation gets older, the number of tests will increase dramatically," Duffy says. "We are undoubtedly in a major growth industry."

The Charlottetown Festival

# 20<sup>TH</sup> Anniversary



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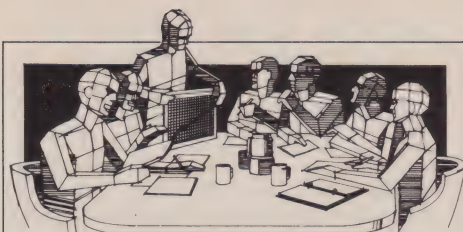
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# The Charlottetown Festival





## BUSINESS FORUM

Regis Duffy has no regret about leaving his lucrative post with the University of P.E.I. to challenge the industrial world with his quality products. "The trouble with too many Canadian entrepreneurs is not that they have a bad product but that they lose faith in the product when the going gets tough," he

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By Charlie Foster

May we share our  
**good times**  
this summer



Looking for something to do, just for the fun of it? Well, how about coming to some of our town festivals, carnivals and special events. There are lots of people to meet, lots of things to do and good times around every corner. And don't forget the Return of the Tall Ships, June 23 to August 26.

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**Québec**





# Atlantic Canada Trade Fair '84

**JUNE 6th & 7th DARTMOUTH SPORTSPLEX**

## Participants

**334**

### **ADVANCE BUSINESS SYSTEMS**

— will be demonstrating a complete line of Sharp photocopiers, calculators and other accessories.

**119A**

### **ADVANCE GENERAL**

**CONTRACTING** — there will be a display of a new tar and gravel process for flat roofs.

**312**

**AERO-TECH AVIATION** — this display will be highlighted by a one man Ultralight Aircraft by Wizard.

**238**

### **ATLANTIC LIQUID METERS -**

shown at this display will be Neptune Fuel oil meters for oil companies and industrial use. Also shown will be petroleum hoses.

**123**

### **B & B SECURITY**

**LOCKSMITHING** — included in this display will be Horton Automatic and Parpelegic doors and Continental Card Access Systems.

**32**

### **BEDFORD INDUSTRIAL**

**COMMISSION** — will be explaining industrial opportunities in the Town of Bedford.

**15,18,19**

**C.S.S.A.** — the C.S.S.A. exhibition will include various companies to display their industrial clean products and machinery. The companies included in the display are: Cody Food equipment, Advance Chemicals, G. H. Wood Company, and Jessom Food Equipment.

**100**

**CADALLIAC PLASTICS** — this company will show nylon bushing stock by companies such as Blue Cost Nylon and Nylatron. There will also be a profile nylon and VHMW wearplates.

**102**

### **CANADA POST CORPORATION**

— the post office will be displaying electronic mail services, Priority

Post Courier and will be explaining advertising through the mail. They will also offer free Telepost and free message Intelpost.

**39**

**CITY OF DARTMOUTH** — As host municipality, this display will promote the Burnside Industrial park and promote Dartmouth as a business community.

**236**

### **DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY**

**(DALPLEX)** — the Dalplex will be promoting Corporate Fitness; as well as Ironman competitor Dave Curry will be assisting in fitness testing.

**1**

### **DECORA PLANTSCAPING** —

there will be a display of artificial interior plants.

**218**

**EPM MARKETING LIMITED** — no information available at this time.

**37**

### **FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT AND IMMIGRATION** —

there will be an employment counsellor on hand to discuss programs for upgrading staff or hiring new employees.

**24**

### **FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY, MINES AND RESOURCES** —

information will be available on R2000 homes and the COSP and CHIP programs.

**119B**

**GENCO LIMITED** — there will be a demonstration of a helicopter refueling system, as well as a land based fueling system.

**325**

**GESTENER** — there will be a display of various photocopiers including the new offset duplicating system.

**309**

**HALIFAX OFFICE PRODUCTS** — there will be a demonstration of the Canon Color toner systems plus various electronic typewriters.

**53**

### **HOLIDAY INN — DARTMOUTH**

— Holiday will be relaunching their

International Priority Club Program as well as introducing their Regional Summer Saver Program. There will also be information on Holiday Inn services.

**116**

**J. W. LINDSAY ENTERPRISES** — the Retrofit system for upgrading old houses through new siding and insulation will be the highlight of this display.

**216**

**LOUSON DESONITE** — There will be a display of AB Dick Copiers and collating equipment, plus IDEAL shredders.

**301**

**MARITIME OFFICE SYSTEMS** — the new lines of Sharp, Minolta and Ricoh copiers will be on display plus other office products.

**202**

**MARITIME TEL & TEL** — will be demonstrating various new products including a voice & data set that will allow information to be shown to both parties, as well as a new voice pager will be demonstrated. Also Maritime Tel & Tel will show Electronic mail and will have Data Centre.

**317**

**MINICOMP SYSTEMS** — included among this display will be the Coronn computer which is compatible with the IBM (PC) and the Zilog, a unit based multiuser computer.

**319**

**N.S. OFFICE EQUIPMENT** — This company will be showing Royal Electronic Typewriters with memories of 50-40, 50-30 and 50-10. As well there will be ALL Typewrites and the Lexoriter III Word Processor.

**215**

### **NATIONAL RADIATOR** —

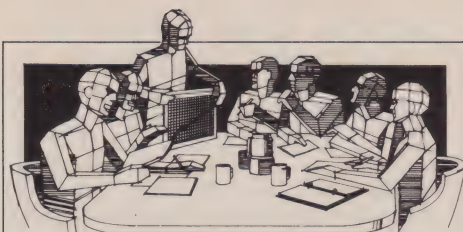
Radiator products by G.M. and Harrison will be on display as well there will be industrial heaters shown.

**222**

### **PRACTICAL BUSINESS**

**SOFTWARE** — this company will





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**Québec**

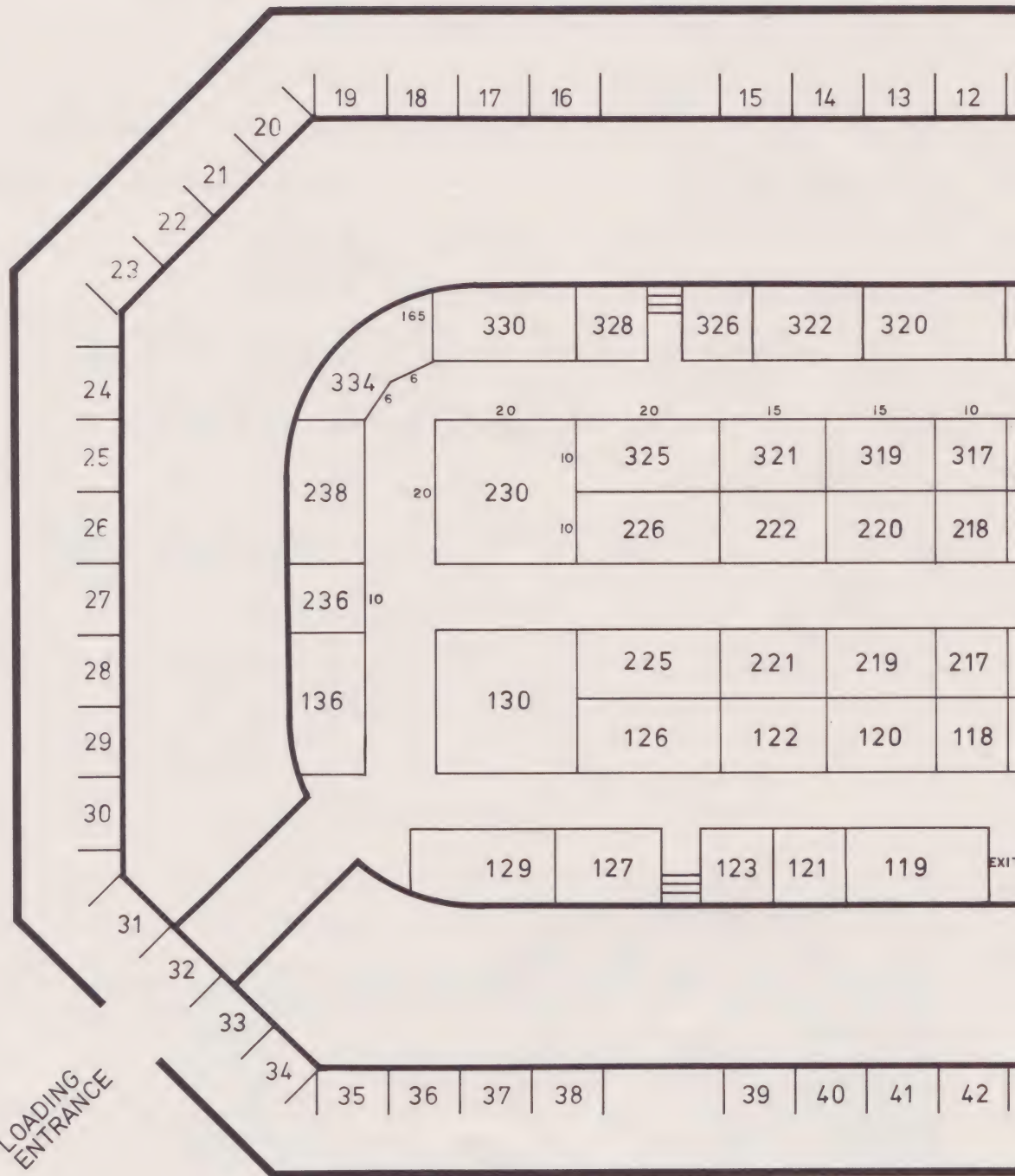


# Atlantic Canada Trade Fair '84

PARK

PARKING

LOADING  
ENTRANCE



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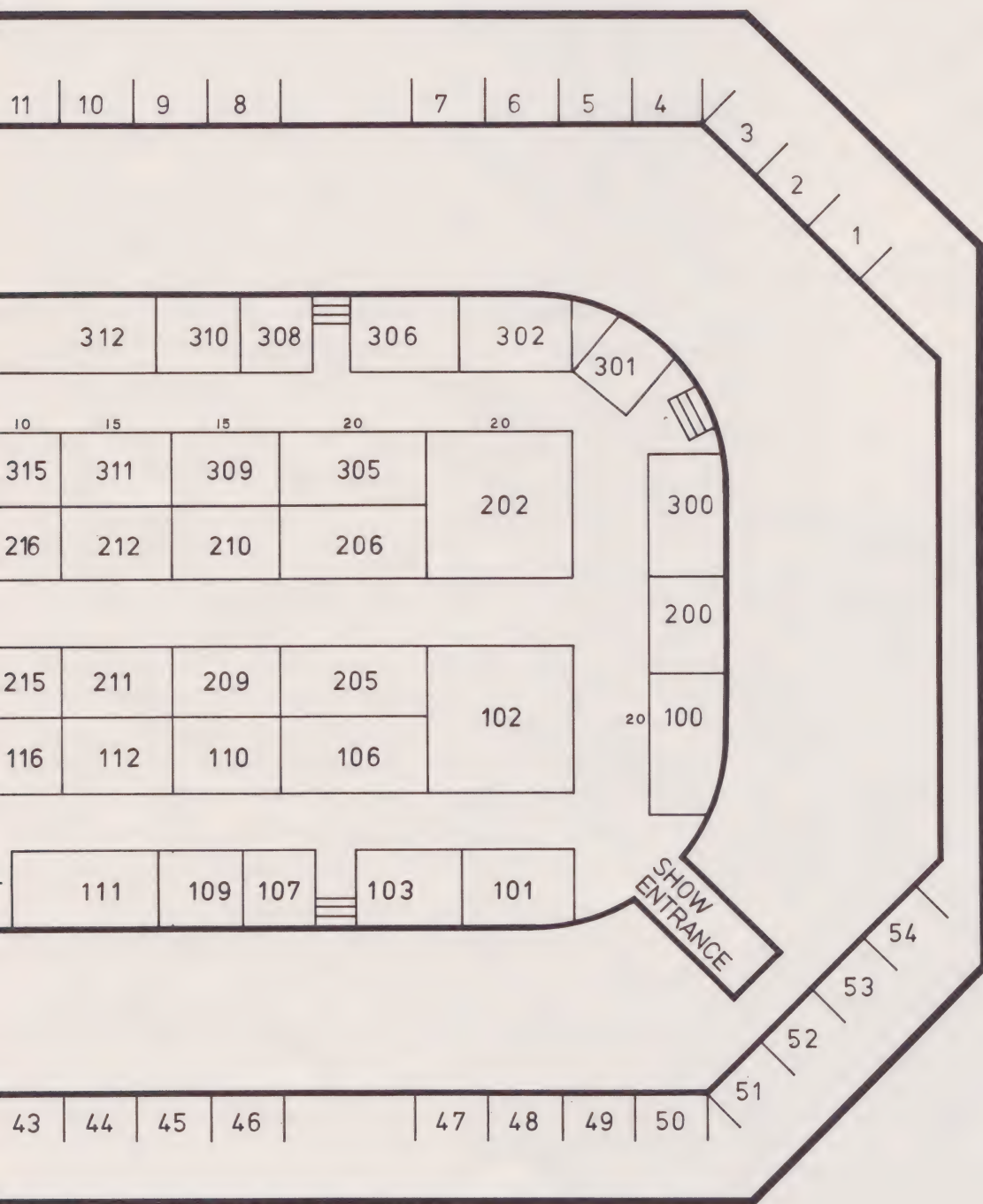
DARTMOUTH SPORTSPLEX Dartmouth, Nova Scotia





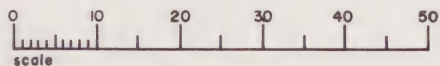


KING



E ROAD

Scotia





be demonstrating software for business micro computers with 64k memory and disks with 300k memory.

**308 PUROLATOR COURIER —**

information about Purolator services locally, nationally, and internationally will be available.

**116**

**RAINBOW DAWN SIGNS —** there will be an exhibition of what is available in all types of signs.

**118**

**SCOTIA EQUIPMENT —** Included in this display will be Raybestos break lining, Rockwell drivewell and Motorwheel rims.

**111**

**SILK SCREEN SERVICES —** there will be a variety of T-shirts, hats and other silk screen products on display.

**300**

**THORNE RIDDELL —** there will be the line of IBM micro-computers as well as software for accounting and legal demands.

**326**

Atlantic Loose Leaf Products LTD.

**121**

Provincial Equipment LTD.

**230**

McNab Print

**109**

Info Pak Systems

**129**

Acadia Custom Rubber

**238**

Atlantic Liquid Meters

**312A**

B.D.C. Courier Systems

**328**

Journey's End Motels

**107**

Culligan Water Conditioners Ltd.

**330B**

Future World Computers

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EITHER CANCELLED OR HAVE  
NOT SIGNED YET**

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Your badge will be available at the Show Registration Desk.

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- Students admitted by invitation only in supervised groups.
- Each person needs an individual form
- Photocopy may be used.

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Canada  
Trade Fair 84**

**JUNE 6th & 7th  
DARTMOUTH SPORTSPLEX**

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Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Title: \_\_\_\_\_

Company: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ Prov: \_\_\_\_\_ Code: \_\_\_\_\_

**SEND TODAY FOR  
YOUR CHANCE  
TO WIN!**



## CALENDAR

### NEW BRUNSWICK

May 1-30 — Dykelands: A photography exhibit by Thaddeus Holownia, of Sackville, N.B., N.B. Museum, Saint John

May 10 — Theatre Beyond Words, Woodstock

May 15-19 — New Brunswick Provincial Drama Festival, University of New Brunswick, Saint John campus

May 18, 19 — Band Festival, Moncton

May 20 — The Lorenzo Society presents a recital featuring soprano, flute and piano, University of New Brunswick, Saint John Campus

May 21-30 — Maurits C. Escher: Art exhibit, University of New Brunswick, Saint John

May 24-26 — 7th Annual Spring Antiques Showsale, Fredericton

May 24-27 — Cathedral Festival of the Arts, Fredericton

May 25-27 — International Boy Scout Camporee, Dalhousie

May 27 — Motocross Championship Series, Riverview

### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

May 7-12 — P.E.I. Music Festival, throughout the Island

May 7-19 — An Annual Exhibition by Students of the School of Visual Arts, Holland College, Charlottetown

May 12 — Campers' City Run: A five-mile road race from West Royalty

May 13 — The Canadian National Institute for the Blind sponsors "Run for Light": Runners in this 5-km road race carry lights, Charlottetown

May 19, 20 — Maritime Championship Drag Races, Oyster Bed Bridge

May 22-June 2 — Maria Maryniak: Art exhibit, Holland College School of Visual Arts, Charlottetown

May 24 — Victoria Day: Various activities, Victoria

May 26 — Birds and Breakfast: A bird-watching walk followed by breakfast on Rustico Island

### NOVA SCOTIA

May 1-25 — Children's Art, Guysborough district

May 1-27 — Atlantic Print: An exhibit, MacDonald Museum, Middleton

May 5 — The First Halifax African Violet Society presents "Oceans of Violets," Saint David's Church Hall, Halifax

May 12 — River John Annual Lobster Dinner, River John

May 13 — Mother's Day Banquet, Stewiacke

May 17 — Pictou County Schools presents "An Evening of Dance," deCoste Entertainment Centre, Pictou

May 20-21 — Charleston Days: Pony pulling, fly casting, games of chance,

suppers, entertainment, Charleston

May 25-27 — Festival Acadien d'Halifax, Halifax

May 26 — Ladies Choice Bluegrass Band and Cedar Hill: In Cabaret, deCoste Entertainment Centre, Pictou

May 27 — Jim and Rosalie: A children's concert with the nationally known duo, Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax

May 27 — The Chebucto Orchestral Society of Nova Scotia presents a concert featuring flutist Antonia Huxtable, Saint Mary's University Auditorium, Halifax

May 31-June 4 — 52nd Annapolis Valley Apple Blossom Festival: Concerts, parades, Canadian Armed Forces Snowbirds, Kentville and towns throughout the Valley

June 7, 8, 9, 14, 15 and 16 — The Gilbert and Sullivan Society of Nova Scotia presents "The Gondoliers," Neptune Theatre, Halifax

### NEWFOUNDLAND

May 9 — Avion Players Festival production "After the Fall," Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

May 11-13 — The Dance Series: Features Lois Brown and Mandy Jones, of St. John's, Andrew Harwood and Jo Leslie, of Montreal, LSPU Hall, St. John's

May 13 — Kinsmen Club of St. John's Pre-national Jacques Cartier Voyageur Relay Team Competition, Pippy Park, St. John's

May 16 — Great Canadian Participation Challenge — Happy Valley vs. Weyburn, Sask., Happy Valley

May 18 — Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra, featuring Janina Fialkowska, winner of the Arthur Rubinstein Master Piano Competition, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

May 18, 19 — Starburst Cabaret, LSPU Hall, St. John's

May 26, 27 — Spring Flower Show, Oxen Pond Botanic Park, St. John's

May 31-June 9 — Solo Theatre, LSPU Hall, St. John's

## MARKETPLACE

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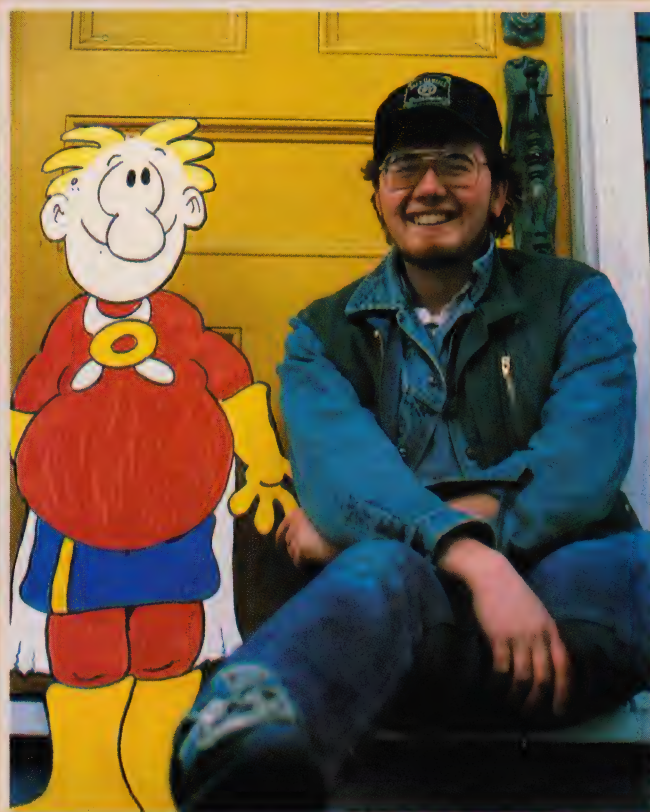
**FRANCHISE INFORMATION 1-(902)-396-3655**



## OLKS

**W**hen Tim Peckham's date broke her wrist she left him the only single on a weekend camping trip to Conception Bay. Peckham, 21, kept himself amused by running around Northern Bay Sands beach in his long underwear. Out of the experience came Peckham's best known cartoon character, Captain Leisure. In his two years of existence, Leisure became such a cult figure in St. John's, Nfld., that he began to appear in promptu at Halloween parties. "People used to talk about Leisure as if he really was somebody," says Peckham

**Tim Peckham: Cartooning is his only passion**



of the homely anti-hero whose only claims to fame were his indolence and permanent residence in a Memorial University locker. Peckham stopped drawing the strip in 1983 to concentrate on editorial cartoons and related cartooning activities. His most recent publication, *Eight Cartoons for a Dollar: Help Pay My Rent*, reportedly achieved its objective. Says Peckham of his formative years (in Winterton, Trinity Bay), "I didn't know engine sizes or breast sizes. I was an outcast, so I became funny." Peckham claims cartooning is his only passion. "It's the only thing I want to do; it's what I want to do when I grow up: Draw cartoons, cook supper, raise cats, and be lonely. Besides, my parents live in Mt. Pearl: I've got to do something which makes enough money to get them out of there."

**H**onors are nothing new to **Bobbie Robertson**. In 1976, the Newfoundland Historical Society gave her their first Heritage Award for her "outstanding work in gathering and sharing the written history of Newfoundland." This spring she'll receive an honorary doctorate from Memorial University. Born in Birkenhill, Scotland, at the turn of the century (she has never revealed her exact age), Robertson came to Newfoundland in the mid-Thirties to work for the Commission of Government. In 1951, having worked as secretary for five previous office-holders, Robertson was made a Canadian trade commissioner. "After Confederation, they thought the office would close," she says, "but instead of getting less work, the work increased.

In the end the day became too short for all I had to do." Commissioner Robertson got requests for everything from passport applications to tours of the Bell Island mines. When she retired from the Commission in 1966 she began work again, almost at once, as secretary of the Newfoundland Historical Society. Robertson's clipping and filing of documents rapidly turned the society's moribund archives into one of the most heavily used research institutions in the province. Says Robertson of the degree-honoring her work with the archives: "It's a piece of foolishness. I am only doing my job."

**T**hese days **Inez Lantz**, of Dartmouth, N.S., is "bumming wool" from everyone she meets. She needs a lot: In the past few months she's crocheted more than 600 finger puppets for sick children at the Izaak Walton Killam Hospital for Children in Halifax. Hospital staff put them on children's fingers over Band-Aids after they've had blood work done. The puppets can make even a crying child smile. And they've worked wonders for Lantz, 53, who's recovering from surgery. "I was starting to get into the 'poor me' syndrome," she says. A friend who does volunteer work at the IWK suggested Lantz make puppets. She



**Lantz: "I get very excited about the puppets"**

did. "They just keep coming out of my head," Lantz says about her ideas for making rabbits munching carrots, bears in baseball caps, just-hatched ducks. Recently, she started to make mobiles for sick children's intravenous poles. Lantz got the idea after her daughter sent her one which she hung from her IV pole in hospital. "Those are scary things," she says. Making puppets, Lantz says, "has been great for me." The children like them too and many take them home. Fortunately, the IWK receives them from knitters all across Canada. But it doesn't look like Lantz can ever crochet too many. "I get very excited about the puppets," she says. "I'm almost talking to them."

**T**he dream of **J.I. ("just J.I.") Albrecht** is something he calls his "Atlantic Vision": A Canadian Football League franchise somewhere in Atlantic Canada. Albrecht's dream lost its first scrimmage when Dartmouth failed to scrape together the money to build a 30,000 seat stadium for the would-be (Atlantic Schooners). Albrecht switched his offence on second down to Moncton. The city's



mayor and council joined the fan club, but neither the city nor Albrecht's Down East Football Club (backed by Nova Scotia financier R.B. Cameron, among others) has been able to connect with the \$9 million it would cost to erect a stadium. Albrecht doesn't think play has been whistled dead yet, though, on his dream football team. "The base is there," for a CFL franchise in what used to be known as Red Sox baseball country, the former assistant general manager of the 1970 Grey Cup champion Montreal Alouettes believes. "Moncton or Halifax/Dartmouth is best. But I'm not so sure if they did it on Prince Edward Island it wouldn't go. It's going to happen." In the meantime, Albrecht is working on an autobiography, now titled "Travels of a Gridiron Gulliver," and a novel: "It's a mystery... sport-related." A little like Albrecht himself.

**T**hough the farcical Cape Breton Liberation Army hasn't yet won independence for the island, the would-be republic already has its own passports — or *cead-siubhails* as they're called in one of the state's three unofficial languages, Gaelic — thanks to **Ron Keough** and **Gerald Taylor** of Sydney, N.S. Keough, a 35-year-old theatre manager, came up with the idea of printing the green and gold bogus passports last year when he and former school teacher Taylor, 34, decided they wanted to make some extra money. "But the product had to be related to Cape Breton," Keough says, "and it had to be funny." The passports, for instance, contain a list of typical Cape Breton expressions such as "How's she goin', bye?" and "Ya done good." Like all passports, there's space for the owner's photograph, but Cape Breton's passport guarantees only that the picture was taken "sometime in the bearer's life." Keough and Taylor first marketed the gags last November, and sold about 5,000 at \$5 a piece at local bookstores and the Halifax International Airport. In

DAVID NICHOLS



**Singing dentists David (L) and Richard Wade: A knack for harmonizing together**

March they'd printed about 7,000 more which were selling "very well," Keough says. "We're not out to make a ton of money," he insists, "but to make a good product." Still the pair hope to capitalize on the hordes of tourists expected this summer for Sydney's bicentennial and Tall Ships race. Already, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and Opposition leader Brian Mulroney own Cape Breton passports, and Keough says he and Taylor are "just waiting on the Pope."

**Keough (L) and Taylor supply passports for a would-be republic**

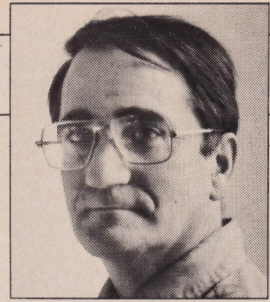
**S**inging dentists Dr. David Wade and Dr. Richard Wade of Fredericton do teeth by day and entertain at night throughout New Brunswick. Identical twins, the Wade brothers play the Spanish acoustic guitar and sing a repertoire of 400 songs — country-rock, plain country, ballads and hymns. "Our music appeals to a wide audience of all ages, and one reason people seem to like us is because we smile a lot and tell jokes in between songs," Richard says. The duo are regulars at the Capitol City Jamboree on Saturday nights and are members of a group of barbershoppers — the River Valley Chorus. "We can't keep up with the demand for musical performances," David says. David's wife, Astrid, and their two children support his interest in music. Richard is divorced, has two children and is engaged to be married to Chris Herkert who plays the accordion. The Wade brothers claim they have a knack for harmonizing together, never practise and never argue except while performing, which is all in fun. At the age of eight, the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wade took piano lessons. At age 12 they learned to play guitar. They sang in the church choir, their high school glee club and paid their way through Dalhousie University School of Dentistry with their music. Which do they enjoy most, their music or dentistry? "Both — we like being singing dentists," Richard says. "Music is great for the entire profession," David says. Have any of their patients asked them to sing while in the chair? "Yes," Richard says, "they have a lot of fun with that. We try to put fun into pain — instead of dreading the ordeal." ❧



OWEN FITZGERALD



# What does it take to cast down a Newfoundlander?



*For the answer, search the Scriptures*

There may be joy in the tents of the righteous when they learn that this month's column was shot to hell because its blasphemous, stiff-necked and uncircumcised author couldn't locate a certain verse in the Bible.

"It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks," is the text in question.

I know it's there. I used it a few years ago in a piece for CBC Radio. They didn't believe it and wouldn't use the article until I was able to quote chapter and verse.

This time, sure that *Atlantic Insight* would demand similar proof, I tore back and forth through scriptures like a white shark in a feeding frenzy. It eluded me. The editor's last trump had sounded for the May deadline and I had to give it up.

The context of the quotation is a warning to sandal-shod citizens that they can no more kick a thorn bush with impunity than they can rebel against the word of God.

My plan for the column was this: Given that this past winter Newfoundlanders had received three nasty little bunny punches in a row... (1) The Supreme Court gave Hibernia to poor little Ontario; (2) Quebec is permitted to suck dry Churchill Falls at a tremendously bloated profit and (3) Greenpeace drove us slack-jawed and bloody-handed barbarians from the seal hunt. Yet, for all these bad tidings, Newfoundlanders seemed just as happy-go-lucky as ever. There was no great despair. What in the world would it take, I wondered, to cast us down?

A Canada-U.S.S.R. accord giving Russian subs the right to use Newfoundland fishing dories for target practice? The new birth control method, tight underdrawers for men, entrenched in the Constitution for those east of North Sydney? Only oranges with mouldy spots on them to be allowed across the Cabot Strait?

All these and many more atrocities from the hand of man I considered, but saw that no such things would make us less high-stomached and that we would continue merry, yea, even like unto the jolly lambs which skippeth apace in springtime.

Nor princes nor principalities may lay us low, thought I, but what would be our estate if the face of a Higher Power were turned against us? Unlike Joey Smallwood or the late Wacky Bennett, I don't

have a direct line to God, so I could only anticipate the actions of the frail instruments of His wrath. The Rev. Barry Lee Phartley, for instance, with his weekly message on 364 television and 192 radio stations. Suppose that the Rev. Barry Lee, having shot all the gays, expelled all the Jews and Democrats and having consigned Mother Teresa of Calcutta to hell's flames got fog-bound for his sins at Gander International for 18 hours and there discovered a whole island chock-a-block with godless, recalcitrant prick-kickers.

"The fingers of their little children, friends," the Rev. Phartley, rotund and sweating in his vanilla-linen suit, would roar into the cameras, "shall be held against EEEE-lekricly-driven emery wheels forever!"

"And likewise," Barry Lee would continue in a purr, "the tiny little toes of the wretched seed of them Commie-lovin' idolators in Newfoundland shall be ground away to bloody nubs against the carborundum and, lo, there shall be no more 0000-nanism and no more shall their little feet stray from the paths of righteousness. Hallelujah!"

Of course, you have grasped my difficulty right away. The Rev. would never have preached against Newfoundlanders' deadly sin of kicking against the wossanames without reference to the chapter and verse. That was a pity, because without Phartley I could hardly move along, in the interests of fair and balanced reporting, to the Holy See. There we might have found the Holy Father over his breakfast of Polish sausage and the daily report from around the globe: The Bank of Rome again, the Freemasons, the Mosquito Indians, Imelda Marcos, Bulgarians, the Devil in Miss Jones, Julius Schmidt and the Rev. Barry Lee Phartley.

"Your Canadian tour prep sheets, Holiness," the Nuncio might have said. "This morning, Terra Nova, to put it in the Latin. Reports are terse and, ahem, Jesuitical. A fractious and aggressive race... it says here. When they're not abusing someone else they're hard at it abusing themselves. Prick-kicking is also rumored."

"Anathema!" sprang to His Holiness' lips. But, then, that same great spirit of charity which had brought *Il Papa* to the very jail cell of the Turk who had put a bullet through the Papal tripe gave His Holiness pause. He told his secretary to scratch that.

Self-abuse could not, however, be

dismissed lightly. Heavy penance was indicated. He dictated a change in September's agenda.

"At Torbay, at St. John's, at Flatrock and even, due to fog, a detour through Mount Pearl, the faithful are commanded to turn out in droves but are directed, on pain of excommunication, not to look upon the Popemobile or the papal person.

"Scratch that, too," sighed His Holiness. "Our children in Terra Nova are in a decent Christian latitude, and there are excellent miners among them. A certain amount of self-abuse is admissible but wossaname-kicking is definitely out."

The Archbishop of Canterbury would not have seen it much differently. But Runcie, having the advantage of being an Englishman, could have told the Holy See a thing or two about keeping the heathen, white, black, yellow, brown and pink, in line. What empire had the Poles ever had, after all?

"No Royal visits for the next five years," directed His Lordship. "St. Paul tells us that wossaname-kicking must be looked at askance wherever it rears its ugly head. If, in 400 years, they haven't learned to eat with the fork held in the left hand, then not so much as a touch-down at Gander International by so much as the Princess Margaret Rose!"

About the only bright spot for Newfoundlanders, now that the face of God was turned away from them would have been the Ayatollah Khomeini. In the medieval backwaters of Islam, prick-kicking was not held in any special esteem nor yet was it abhorred. Practitioners were simply given a special armband and put in the forefront of the holy war against everyone else.

Young Alfie Peckford would have hesitated for a moment when the proposition from the Ayatollah arrived that Newfoundlanders be made honorary Sh'ites, but then would have gone ahead and shipped off five boatloads Cash On Delivery.

Would Newfoundlanders be any less cheerful and sure of themselves with the hand of BOTH God and man turned against them? Alas, we may never know.

But caution: Smiting us with boils from head to foot by allowing nothing but rotten oranges to cross the Cabot Strait will get you nowhere. It's been done and tossed off as child's play. To put our motto into the Latin, *Terra Novum Bootae Arsum Toujours*. ☒





# ***A Taste for Adventure***

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WARNING: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.  
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A photograph of a park scene. In the center, a stone bridge with a single arch spans a small stream. Two people, a man and a woman, are sitting on the bridge. To the left, a large, mature tree stands prominently. The background is filled with other trees, some with autumn-colored leaves. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and scenic.

# Standard Life

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